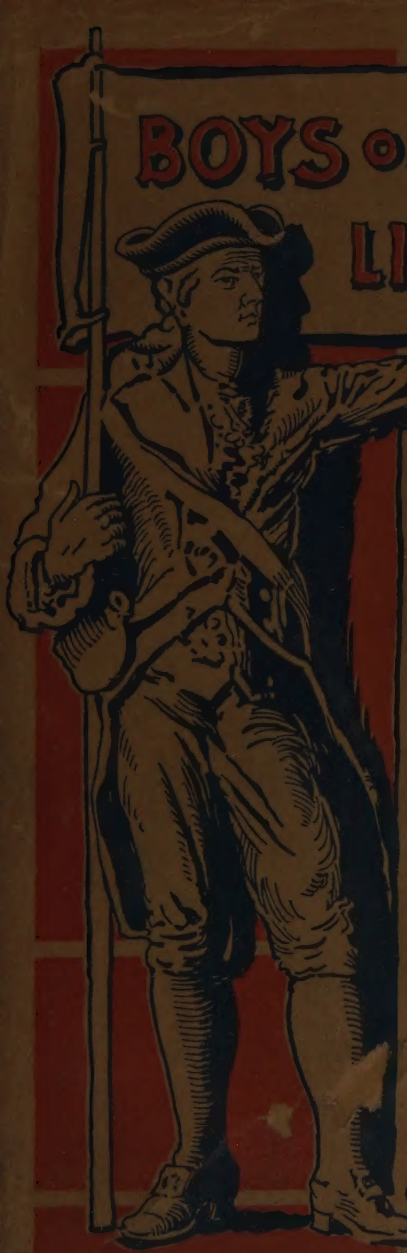
BOYS OF LIBERTY LIBRARY



WASHINGTON'S YOUNG SPY

OR

OUTWITTING GENERAL HOWE

BY T.C. HARBAUGH

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

CHS-(26)C

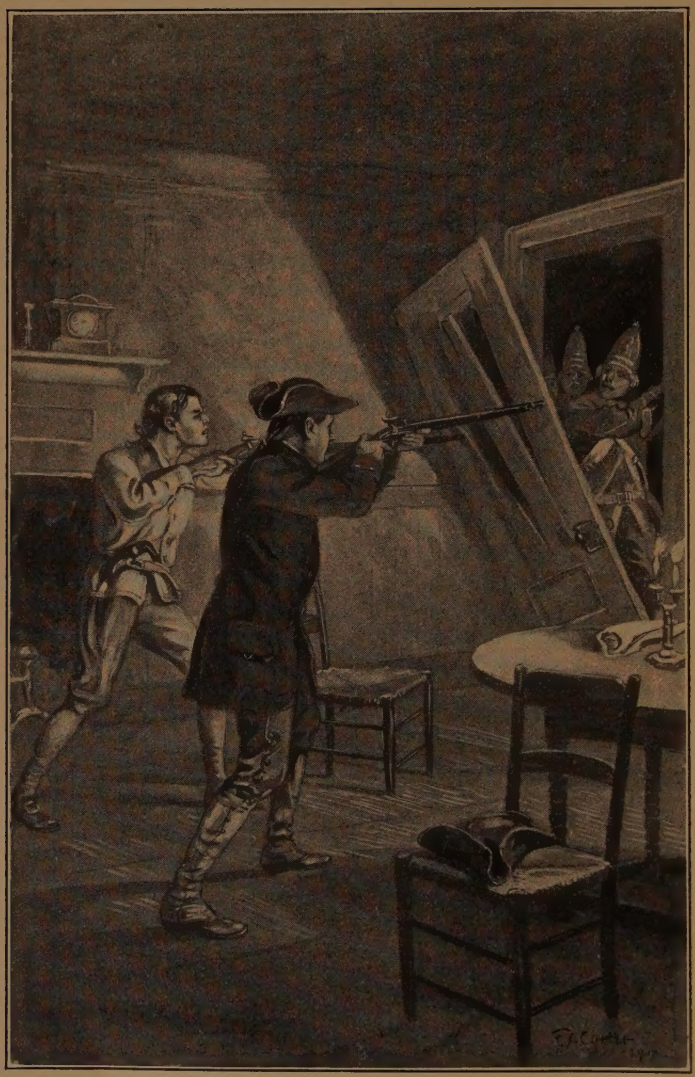
Boys of Liberty Library

A new series of splendid tales of the wonderful and stirring adventures of boys who fought in The Revolutionary War, The French and Indian Wars, and Naval Battles of 1812.

The stories are written in an intensely interesting style, and no boy can read them without being aroused to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm.

We give herewith a list of titles now ready. Read the first and you will want to read all the others. Uniform with this volume in size, style, and price. Each, postpaid, **50 cts.**

Paul Revere . . . . . By John De Morgan.
The First Shot for Liberty . . . . . By John De Morgan.
Fooling the Enemy . . . . . By John De Morgan.
Into the Jaws of Death . . . . . By John De Morgan.
The Hero of Ticonderoga . . . . . By John De Morgan.
On to Quebec . . . . . By John De Morgan.
Fighting Hal . . . . . By John De Morgan.
Marion and His Men . . . . . By John De Morgan.
The Young Ambassador . . . . . By John De Morgan.
The Young Guardsman . . . . . By John De Morgan.
The Cruise of the Lively Bee . . . . . By John De Morgan.
The Tory Plot . . . . . By T. C. Harbaugh.
In Buff and Blue . . . . . By T. C. Harbaugh.
Washington's Young Spy . . . . . By T. C. Harbaugh.
Under Greene's Banner . . . . . By T. C. Harbaugh.
Captain of the Minute Men . . . . . By Harrie Irving Hancock.
The Quaker Spy . . . . . By Lieut. Lounsberry.
Fighting for Freedom . . . . . By Lieut. Lounsberry.
By Order of the Colonel . . . . . By Lieut. Lounsberry.
A Call to Duty . . . . . By Lieut. Lounsberry.
In Glory's Van . . . . . By Lieut. Lounsberry.
The King's Messenger . . . . . By Capt. Frank Ralph.
Dashing Paul Jones . . . . . By Frank Sheridan.
From Midshipman to Commodore . . . . By Frank Sheridan.
The Cruise of the Essex . . . . . By Frank Sheridan.



"There was a shout and a rush, and the door, broken from its hinges, tottered into the room." (See page 203)

WASHINGTON'S YOUNG SPY

OR

OUTWITTING GENERAL HOWE

BY

T. C. HARBAUGH

AUTHOR OF

"Under Greene's Banner," "In Buff and Blue,"
"The Tory Plot," etc.

PHILADELPHIA
DAVID McKAY, PUBLISHER
610 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE

Copyright, 1904
By STREET & SMITH

Washington's Young Spy

WASHINGTON'S YOUNG SPY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW CORNWALLIS FAILED.

"Gentlemen, this is our Friend Mactaw, of whom I have spoken. He is loyal to the king and we can rely on him. Now, Master Mactaw, you will open your budget of information and tell us what you know about the rebel army."

The British officers, seated in a large room in the city of New York—Lord Howe, Cornwallis, Clinton, Earl Percy and De Heister, who commanded the Hessians—became attention at once.

The man who had been admitted to their deliberations was a person of forty-five, a tall and straight individual, and was known as a Tory. Rufus Mactaw lived in East Chester, not far from the Bronx, whither Washington had withdrawn his army after the evacuation of New York.

The patriots were ready to assume the offensive, for the disastrous battle of Long Island had not dampened the ardor of Washington, although it had sorely tried the army.

Howe was as eager to follow up the enemy and offer battle, believing that in a few weeks he would either rout or capture the whole American army.

Therefore when he led Rufus Mactaw, the Tory spy, into the room, he did so with an expression of pleasure on his countenance.

Mactaw halted near the table at which the generals sat and waited for a command to speak.

Cornwallis was the first to break the silence.

"You've been within the rebel lines, have you?" he asked, looking at the spy.

"Yes, your lordship."

"With your eyes open?"

"Yes. One has to keep his eyes open while he is in Washington's camp."

"Well, what did you observe?"

"The enemy is on the alert, sir. He is determined to hold East Chester and extend his lines as far north as possible. He is well provided with artillery, but there is one thing against him."

"What is that?"

"Disaffection in the ranks."

"Ha!" cried Cornwallis. "He has that to deal with, has he?"

"Yes. The enlistments of many of his regiments are about to expire, and the men, who have not been paid for months, threaten to go home."

"We must encourage this feeling," observed the

shrewd Percy, as he took a pinch of snuff. "If we can get these ragged rebels to believe that their currency will never be any better we will accomplish as much in that way as we can on the field. It is a good idea."

"Most excellent," replied Gen. Howe. "But proceed, Master Mactaw."

"Washington is seeing his army diminish day by day. He has now but a shadow of the force he had three months ago. Here, sirs, are some figures I brought with me, thinking——"

He broke his own sentence to take from his breast-coat pocket a packet, which he opened in presence of the council.

It consisted of a number of papers, among which was a carefully executed map of Washington's lines, the situation of all the outposts, and an almost correct estimate of the American strength.

"This is great," cried Gen. Howe, looking up at the spy. "You must have risked a good deal to get this?"

"My neck, your excellency."

"Just so. We will see that you are suitably rewarded."

The British officers drew close together while they inspected the map and read the estimates on the sheets.

"With this information in our possession there can be no failure," remarked Clinton. "This is, indeed, very valuable, and our friend deserves the thanks of the crown."

Mactaw gulped hard.

Thanks! Was that all he was to get?

Ten minutes later Rufus Mactaw stood without the building and, greeting a friend on the pavement, drew his hand across his throat with a grim smile.

"Well," said this individual, who was much younger than the spy. "You got the sovereigns?"

"I didn't get a penny."

"What! didn't they pay you for all that work?"

Mactaw smiled again.

"I am to have the thanks of the king, when he chooses to send them, I suppose."

"The devil take the king's thanks! They don't butter any bread," growled the younger man.

"I know that, Jacob. But they said nothing about pay in hard, shining gold."

"Away with such masters! Are we to serve them forever? And we risked our necks getting that information for the king's officers! I am disgusted. Didn't you intimate that a few guineas would come handy just now?"

"I—I——"

"Come, I knew you were too modest. I thought you would get faint-hearted at the supreme moment. The rascals! They refused to pay you a shilling, eh?"

"At least they didn't offer any cash."

"I'll not serve them another moment!" and the

speaker clinched his fists. "How am I to marry the adorable Tessy unless I get a little money ahead?"

Rufus Mactaw said nothing.

"Wait!" cried the desperate young man. "Let me go into the house. I'll bring them to terms."

"You?"

"Why not? I'm not afraid to talk to the king's officers. If they think a man is going to risk his neck for nothing they must be undeceived. I won't stand it, Friend Rufus."

"But they'll laugh in your face."

"Let them try it. I've got a tongue in my head."

The young man walked to the door and was stopped by the sentry.

The red-coated soldier thrust a bayonet forward and Jacob Smock drew back.

"I want to see Gen. Howe at once," said the young man. "I have something for the good of the king's cause."

"The countersign, then."

"They didn't post me," flushed Jacob. "Must one halt when he has news for the king? Tell Gen. Howe, if you please, that a young loyalist wants to see him on most important business."

The sentry turned and hallooed to some one within the house.

The door opened and an officer came forth.

"This young man has news for Gen. Howe, so he says," said the guard, pointing at Jacob.

"Come in, sir."

Jacob went in and was escorted to the door where the council was being held.

In another moment he stood in the presence of the commanders of the British Army in and about New York.

They looked at him and frowned over the cause of the interruption.

He singled out Lord Howe in a moment, and turned toward him.

"General, don't you pay for valuable information?" he inquired. "You don't want the king's friends to risk their necks for nothing?"

Gen. Howe flushed a trifle.

"We always seek to reward our friends," he said. "We report them to the king——"

"And by the time the thanks come across the water the friends are dead, hanged by the rebel rabble! Now, sirs," Jacob looked down the table and into the faces of the generals, "Master Mactaw and I have put our necks into the noose getting the information he has just given you in this room. We want something for our services; not much, Gen. Howe, but something."

"Yes, yes."

"I am free to confess to you, gentlemen, that I, for one, am about to change my mode of living. I shall soon be married——"

"Good! Tell us the name of the lucky damsel and we will drink her health at the next banquet."

"But toasts do not butter bread," cried Jacob. "Not even when they are drunk by the king's generals. I want something more substantial than the mere frothings of the cup."

Earl Percy pulled forth a fine silken purse and threw it upon the table.

"That may give you a little pleasure, my friend," he cried to the young spy. "Take it, with Percy's compliments."

"And this!" cried Cornwallis, tossing a golden guinea upon the cloth. "Kiss the bride for me."

"Here's another!" and the second guinea fell beside the first, tossed thither by Clinton.

"Und, mine friendt, occept o' dis," spluttered De Heister, as he drew two shilling pieces from his capacious pockets and released them with the twinge of a miser.

Jacob grinned.

Lord Howe augmented the pile with a little contribution, and Jacob looked over it, mentally counting it up.

"You'll break your hearts by your generosity," he said, with a tinge of sarcasm. "Gentlemen, there isn't enough there to start a hare on a honeymoon tour. Take it all back before you impoverish yourselves."

"What! do you refuse our wedding gifts?"

"I refuse them!"

"How much do you expect?"

"Enough at least to compensate one for risking his precious neck in the enemy's camp."

"Well, let the king pay you," and with this Gen. Howe turned again to his fellow generals, totally ignoring Jacob Smock.

For a moment the young man stood near the table looking over it, and then he struck it with his fist.

"You deserve to be beaten, sir, by this rebel, Washington," he exclaimed. "If your purses cannot open for one who has done you great service, in a probability paving the way to victory for your forces, why, you should suffer defeat!"

"But, sir, you were not counted in this matter," said Howe. "We were dealing with Master Mactaw."

"He could do nothing without my help. I accompanied him. I went ahead of him into the rebel lines. I spied out the vulnerable points. I put my head into the noose first and made it easy for him. I am Jacob Smock, gentlemen, and I had every reason to believe that you would be generous——"

"Well, Master Smock, when we want you we will send for you," answered Cornwallis, whose honor had been stung by Jacob's actions. "I guess you're no better than the balance."

"I'll see you later," flashed the young spy. "You are Lord Cornwallis and I know of you. By my head, sir, when I serve you you can walk over the lower regions on the ice."

With this Jacob turned on his heel and strode toward the door, while Cornwallis flushed crimson.

"Stop that insolent fellow!" he roared. "He may be a rebel spy in disguise."

"Nay, general; I know him," quietly said Howe. "He is a little hot-tempered, that is all. Let him depart——"

"Not till I've brought him down a notch!"

"It will be very unseemly to have an altercation here," pursued Gen. Howe, who wanted to avoid a scene. "If he were tainted with rebelism, I would know it, and besides——"

But Earl Cornwallis had risen from his seat and was coming down the table with blazing eyes fastened upon Jacob.

"You'll have to retract your words, young sir!" he shouted. "I won't put up with them. It is a pretty thing when the king's general has to hear such language from the lips of a boor."

Jacob, who was stout and agile, stopped at the door and faced the maddened redcoat.

He braced himself for an encounter and planted one foot forward.

"General! general!" shouted Howe. "Don't let your passion get the better of you. Master Smock has the strength of a lion and——"

"He shall retract! I'll make him eat his words——"

"If you can, sir," flashed Jacob Smock.

The next moment Cornwallis, who could not control himself, pushed to within arms' reach of the young spy.

His whole face was scarlet.

"Retract, young rascal. Swallow your words, or, by the king's crown! I'll bring you down a notch or two."

"If you are not brought down yourself," was the quick response, and with the last word the hands of Jacob closed on Cornwallis' shoulders between his neck and his epaulets, and before the general could comprehend what was about to take place, he had been flung across the intervening space and back into his chair. It did not occupy a second.

"Good-night, gentlemen," smiled Jacob. "When you want anything done hereafter, be willing to pay for the service. Long live the king; but down with his parsimonious officers!"

In another moment the door opened and closed, and the king's generals looked into each other's faces without speaking. As for Cornwallis, he fumed and spluttered in the chair, too mad to form an intelligible sentence.

CHAPTER II.

THE DANGEROUS MISSION.

A few days after the events recorded in the foregoing chapter two young captains in Washington's army were seated in their canvas quarters not far from White Plains, where the Continental forces lay.

One of these was Capt. Benjamin Pierce, the commander of the Boys of Liberty, a company of young patriots who had already seen much service under Washington's banners, and the other was Capt. Frank Lowry, who, at the time, was on detached duty, but under orders from the commander-in-chief himself.

Both were ardent patriots, and were at all times ready to answer the most arduous calls.

"What puzzles me," remarked Capt. Lowry, "is the complete mystery that seems to envelope certain movements of the enemy. Here we have been waiting for him to take the offensive and advance upon us with spirit, but he holds off for some reason. I know this same thing mystifies Washington himself. Howe is overcautious, that I know; but why he should hold off when he has the whole British Army at his command is, to say the least, a little perplexing."

"I would have thought that we would have heard ere this from Mistress Beverley, who, you know, is still

visiting in the city, and who would naturally keep ears and eyes open for the cause of liberty."

"Doubtless our friend, Mistress Beverley, has other duties that demand her attention."

"All of which is quite true, Frank, but——"

"I look for a letter at any time from her."

"Ah, she writes you, then?"

"At intervals," confessed Capt. Lowry, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"She has to trust to luck to get her letters through, I presume?"

"Certainly. Gen. Howe isn't carrying rebel mail," laughed the other. "He has issued strict orders against these secret letters, but I am satisfied that Mistress Beverley will find some way to get her letters through."

"I trust she will, and that when they come they will uncover some of Howe's perplexing movements."

Just then a shadow fell before the tent, and the young soldiers beheld one of Washington's aides outside.

In another moment he stood inside.

In one hand he held a folded paper, while he singled out Capt. Lowry.

"From the commander-in-chief," said he, as Frank took the packet and turned aside to open it.

"No answer is required," said he, looking up into the aide's face, beyond a word to Gen. Washington that I will report forthwith."

As the officer went away, Capt. Pierce said:

"You are to report to the general, I see?"

"Yes, forthwith."

"On secret business?"

"I cannot tell."

"If it turns out to be such all I have to say is: Remember poor Hale."

"Can I ever forget him?" cried Frank Lowry. "There was no braver man connected with the army than Nathan Hale, and to think that the miscreants should hang him so brutally. It will forever be a stain on the English arms."

"But he died like a partiot."

"Indeed, he did. He told them that he regretted that he had but one life to give for his country. That is the way to die, Benjamin. The name of Nathan Hale will be remembered long after his enemies are forgotten. But I must obey the summons to headquarters."

With this Capt. Lowry walked out of the tent and betook himself to the little house near the village then occupied by Washington as his headquarters.

Frank Lowry had been on secret service once before under the eye of his beloved commander-in-chief, and his work had received praise from Washington.

The message brought him by the aide-de-camp conveyed no idea of the service now expected of him, but as he walked along he recalled the last words he had

heard from the lips of the general addressed to himself:

"If I ever need a spy, I shall call on you, Capt. Lowry, that is, if you will undertake the commission."

And Frank had assured Washington that he stood ready at all times to help the cause of freedom.

The journey from tent to headquarters did not occupy many minutes, and in a short time he found himself in the presence of the great Washington.

The general was seated on a camp stool drawn up to a table in the largest room of the house, and upon Capt. Frank's entrance, he looked up and smiled.

A young officer who was writing at the other end of the table rose and left the apartment so that the commander-in-chief and young Lowry were alone.

Washington pushed aside the work he seemed to have on hand, and rested one elbow on the edge of the table while he studied Frank's face for a moment.

"Capt. Lowry, I am in need of some information which can only be obtained by some one inside the enemy's lines."

Frank bowed, but did not speak.

"This information is greatly needed," continued Washington. "In fact, it is vitally important to the cause. Gen. Howe must have secret plans of campaign which I believe can be obtained by the right person. Just now Howe is in New York, although he is now and then with the army in the field. His headquarters

are in New York. Captain, if you will undertake the mission I propose, I will send you thither."

"I am at the service of Gen. Washington," said the young provincial.

"In asking you to undertake this mission I need not point out its dangers. The fate of Capt. Hale is still fresh in our minds. He will ever be enshrined in the hearts of his loyal countrymen. He died like a hero, and the stigma of his death rests forever upon our foes. Now, sir, since you have undertaken the mission, listen to me for a few moments."

Frank Lowry drew his stool closer to the table and waited for Washington to proceed.

For ten minutes the general talked slowly, weighing all his words, and Capt. Lowry listened without missing one.

When Washington had concluded, Frank again said that he would do the best he could, whereupon Washington took his hand and pressed it cordially.

"You have my best wishes for your success," he said. "Gen. Howe can be forestalled or entirely outwitted on the strength of the information you may gather in and about New York. I want nothing withheld from you. If captured, as you know, you may end your young life in a halter."

"I am perfectly aware of that," answered Frank; "but that does not keep me from the paths of duty."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"When shall I set out?"

"At once, if possible. You are not so well known to the British as to be arrested on sight. You will take no papers with you. We have friends in the city who will aid and, if necessary, conceal you. You already know some of them. They are stanch friends of liberty, and I need not send any message to them. A certain Col. Fuller, of Howe's army, is just now recruiting a regiment of loyalists, and, if you think proper, you may make advances toward becoming a member, but, in the name of safety, do not go too far in this particular matter."

"I promise you to be circumspect," said Lowry. "I have heard of this same Col. Fuller, and, in fact, know him by sight. I saw him once after my capture at the battle of Long Island."

"Forewarned is forearmed, you know," smiled Washington. "I believe I have nothing further to communicate, only do the best you can and report within the next forty-eight hours."

Frank rose and was about to withdraw when the commander-in-chief held out his hand.

"Good-by and God bless you!" said Washington. "What we do for our beloved country let us do it with our whole heart. These are darkened times, but the sun of liberty will in time emerge from the clouds of war and shine over our land with the blessings of everlasting peace."

Capt. Lowry withdrew and walked rapidly back to his little tent.

He did not underestimate the dangers of his mission.

He knew that to go among the redcoats in New York placed his life in jeopardy, and that from the moment he accepted the mission of the spy the fate of the spy overshadowed him.

But to execute his mission to the best of his ability and to shrink from no danger was something he ever kept before him.

The brutal hanging of the gallant Nathan Hale by the British, an event which had but recently taken place, still filled the whole patriot population with horror.

Sent into the enemy's lines by Washington, the young Connecticut schoolmaster had been captured after his work was done, and the enemy had executed him with the brutality of a lot of mountain brigands.

Washington sorrowed for Hale as he would have sorrowed for a son.

There was no better young officer in the army than the fated young spy.

Hale had the gifts of education, was brave to a fault, but he had paid the penalty of his daring, and the army had lost its most chivalrous paladin.

Capt. Lowry thought of all this as he made his way back to his tent after his interview with Washington.

He did not want to meet Capt. Pierce, his friend,

for he would naturally have to throw out some hints as to his mission, and he wished to keep it as secret as possible.

Fortunately, he was spared the chance of meeting Capt. Benjamin, for he found the little tent deserted, so he only left a note on the table, saying that he might be absent a few hours along the Bronx, giving out no intimation that he had been called upon to perform a spy's duty within the British lines.

"I say, there! You! ho! ho!" called out a voice as Lowry left the tent.

Frank turned, looked once and bit his lip.

A young soldier in buff and blue was approaching on a run, and when he came up, puffing, he held out his hand.

"Just got in!" cried the young fellow. "I guess you haven't forgotten me, Tom Hapgood?"

"Not at all, Tom. Where have you been?"

"Oh, I've been roaming over the country for a change. We're going to have a fight here before long."

"Think so?"

"I know it. Everything points to a battle. The British are making preparations for a scratch."

"But what's the matter with your eye? You look as if you've been in a fisticuff."

"Not quite. One can't fight with a tree. The tree has all the advantage."

"The tree?"

"Yes. I crossed the river last night on a little expedition of my own, and the first thing I knew I was inside the enemy's pickets lower down. Didn't intend to get that far, 'pon honor, I didn't. The first thing I knew I was halted by a Hessian—one of those big, pot-bellied fellows who look like a house in uniform, and he halted me in his Dutch lingo. I tried to tell him that I was of the king's men, but he refused to believe me, and actually undertook to run me through with his bayonet. But I dodged between his legs, which were terribly bowed, and ran for my life. Why, the old fellow didn't want to let me off with a whole skin, so he up and pelted away with his big gun, and the next second I ran plump into a tree and that's how I got this black eye. Not a very pretty ornament, Capt. Lowry, but it's a great deal better than having a British bullet in your back."

"A thousand times better than that, Tom."

"But I got even with the Hessian picket, after all."

"You did? I hope you didn't go back——"

"Do you forget that the redcoats hanged my father?"

"I do not."

"I never forget it."

A fierce expression leaped up in Tom Hapgood's eyes, and he touched Capt. Lowry on the sleeve.

"Neither did I forget it last night," he said, in lowered tones. "Certainly, I went back to the Hessian. I crept up on him like a panther would do in the wood."

"And shot him?"

Tom Hapgood smiled grimly.

"I paid off the old score a little," he said. "There's one redcoat who won't face us when we get into the next fight," and Tom drew off and smiled triumphantly.

"Be careful," said Frank; "if they ever catch you they'll have some pretty heavy debts to settle."

"If they ever catch me? Yes; but until that time, Capt. Frank, Tom Hapgood will be a thorn in the side of King George!"

CHAPTER III.

FAIR DECEIVERS.

There was no more loyal officer attached to the king's service in North America than Col. Socrates Fuller of the Loyal Foot.

He was a handsome man of eight and twenty, finely proportioned and overzealous.

He had conceived the idea of recruiting from among the loyal inhabitants of New York and vicinity a regiment of men who would render King George efficient service, and his ranks were filling fast.

These men were Tories, and those who did not care to enlist when first called upon were never solicited again. Col. Fuller wanted only those ready to take service under him, and he regarded a man who did not enlist as one lukewarm in the royal cause.

Moreover, the colonel was somewhat of a lady's man, as his appearance gave him *entrée* into the best society in the city, and he never forgot his allegiance to the king.

On the night following Frank Lowry's fateful commission from Washington, Col. Fuller might have been seen in a handsome parlor in the most aristocratic part of the city, in conversation with two young

maidens, celebrated for their beauty and winsome manners all over the town.

"Pray, Col. Fuller, how are you coming on with your regiment?" asked one of the damsels.

"Swimmingly, Mistress Kent. They are flocking to the king's standard, and I am having the best luck imaginable."

"Then you will soon be ready to take the field? I understand the regiment is to be known as the Loyal Foot."

"Yes; I think the name is very appropriate. We had the choice of two names—the Loyal Foot and the King's Own."

"Do you not think, Col. Fuller, that the latter name would have suited best? Your king will own the regiment."

Col. Fuller turned to the last speaker with a smile on his well-cut lips.

"Mistress Beverley," said he, "one would think from the tone of your voice that you are not just with us."

"I am, as you know, Col. Fuller, from Boston, the hotbed of rebellion, as your people say," was the answer. "I am, therefore, imbued with a love of liberty——"

"Come, Priscilla," broke in Mistress Kent, "I trust you will not start an argument by which we may become involved in disputatious controversy. You know

the king's forces hold the city, which they won after some hot work over on Long Island, and now they have full and undisputed possession."

"True, Lucy, dear; but you must remember that the war is not over yet."

"I regret to say that it is not. We must needs lose some more brave fellows, for your rebel Washington is tenacious, and his rabble are hard fighters, but we hope the Loyal Foot will speedily make a change in affairs."

"Thank you, Mistress Lucy," bowed Col. Fuller. "I promise you that the Loyal Foot will be felt just as soon as we get the opportunity. We must wait a few days longer, but the regiment is so near filled up that we hope to be ordered to the front by the beginning of next week."

"So soon?" cried Mistress Ken, who was a vivacious girl of seventeen. "I hope you will not see much hard fighting, for, I believe, these rebels will speedily run at sight of the new soldiers."

"I wish I could say as much," was the reply; "but I fear they will give us some trouble. Mistress Beverley, don't you really think that Gen. Washington would best accept of the king's amnesty if he could obtain it now?"

"I do not think so," was the quick rejoinder. "Washington, you know, is fighting for liberty, and the king regards him as a rebel. They hang rebels in England, and should Washington now throw down his

sword he would have to be dealt with under your royal statutes."

"Exactly!" cried Col. Fuller. "There can be no pardon for such a man as Washington."

"Then, why do you speak of amnesty?"

"Oh!" said Col. Fuller, evasively, "the thought came into my head, and I let it have full swing for a moment."

"That is what you propose for the rebels in North America—full swing!" laughed Mistress Beverley.

Mistress Lucy Kent clapped her hands and joined in the general laugh.

The next moment she touched a silver call bell on the table and a darky entered, obsequiously.

"Some wine, Plato," said she to the servant, and the imp of darkness disappeared.

When the wine arrived, Col. Fuller filled his glass and looked at his fair companions.

"Why doesn't Gen. Howe move on the enemy?" asked Mistress Kent. "It seems to me that he is losing precious time. Washington is given time to fortify, and if Gen. Howe delays too long the attack will cost him some brave men."

"Gen. Howe knows what he is doing, evidently," said the commander of the Loyal Foot. "But as you two young ladies are a little curious, I can say that within the next forty-eight hours we will be beyond the Yankee intrenchments at White Plains. This much I can

tell you, at any rate. We have the reins in our hands now, and all we have to do is to guide the chariot of war through the enemy's ranks."

Mistress Beverley did not reply.

"I have heard that Lord Cornwallis is not up with the enemy," said Lucy.

"That is because he is not ready. Just as soon as he has his forces all up, and is ready to strike, he will go in. Col. Donop, of the Hessians, is now advancing from New Rochelle, and will soon be in line—perhaps by to-night."

"Then the rebels will have to run or surrender."

"That is it," said Col. Fuller, as he placed his empty glass on the table. "They may fight a little, but not long. We shall strike them on the flank. You know that Washington's army is greatly reduced in numbers. The hospitals are full, and the medical supply is about exhausted. Why, on the other hand, I was told to-day by our chief surgeon that we have a superabundance of such supplies in our hands. We have now nearly seven thousand men——"

"That many, Col. Fuller?" broke in Mistress Lucy.

"Yes; and, what is more, they are all able-bodied men. On the other hand, many of Washington's men are barefooted, and they scarcely have clothes enough to cover their nakedness."

"I am glad that we have enough medical supplies for our sick soldiers."

"Yes; that is extremely fortunate. In a little room in our medical storehouse is some of the most priceless medicines. What would not Washington give for them?"

"His commission almost," exclaimed Mistress Kent.

"I think so."

"We keep our supplies secure, I trust?"

"Certainly. In the little house on lower Broadway, No. 10, are stored those priceless medicines. Why, a pound of them would prove a godsend to the rebel rabble."

"We must take care of the supplies."

"Never fear as to that. But let us drink to the health of the king. Mistress Beverley need not drink from the heart if her sympathies are with Washington. Coming from Boston, as she does, she may be in sympathy with our foes."

"I really have taken but little part in this unhappy struggle," answered Mistress Priscilla Beverley. "Still, as I am a native of North America, it is but natural that I should at times give a few thoughts to the men who have to contend with the king's battalions."

"Nothing in the world more natural," exclaimed Col. Fuller. "I hold the young ladies of our king's colonies in the highest regard, and I ever respect them. You will not drink to the king, Mistress Beverley?"

"Anything to please a brave soldier," and the hand-

some speaker filled the delicate glass and lifted it to her lips. "What is the toast, Col. Fuller?"

"The health of the king and confusion to his enemies!"

The toast was drunk, and the glasses replaced on the table, after which Col. Fuller rose and made ready to depart.

"I trust we shall soon hear good news from the north," said Mistress Kent. "Gen. Howe should be a little more hasty, I think. However, I am not his adviser. It is only the opinion of a young girl, you know."

"The criticism is, no doubt, just from your standpoint," bowed Col. Fuller. "Now permit me to bid you good-night, ladies. I have business of importance at headquarters."

The handsome officer was followed to the door by both Priscilla and Lucy, who, the moment the portal closed, drew back and looked at one another.

"You played the game to perfection!" cried Priscilla Beverley. "One would have taken you for the most ardent king's woman in the colonies."

"I hope I did not make a mistake. It was the wine that opened Col. Fuller's mouth. We got a little news out of him. We know where they keep their medical stores and when Cornwallis is to advance, and the strength of the British army operating against Wash-

ington. I tried to play Tory, but at times I nearly rebelled against the deception."

"You certainly did admirably," was the reply. "Col. Fuller did not suspect. He is not himself when in company with wine and women. These seem to be his failure, so report goes. Why, I believe he would have taken us downtown and showed us those priceless medical supplies."

"That would have been asking too much."

"Of course; but we have had a delightful evening with the famous Col. Socrates Fuller of the Loyal Foot."

Both girls laughed.

The following moment Plato, the servant, came into the room with excitement in his big eyes.

"What's up, Plato?" cried Lucy Kent. "You haven't seen a ghost, I trust?"

"No, missus; but I found dis yere paper under de rear do'. Hit been slipped under dar lately, an' I thought I——"

"Let us have it!" cried both girls in a breath. "Slipped under the door, was it?"

"Dat's what it war. Folded jes' like hit's folded now, an'——"

Lucy and Priscilla had opened the note together, and an exclamation rose startlingly from their lips.

"In the city!" cried Mistress Beverley.

"Can it be possible that he has come to New York when it is in the hands of the enemy?"

"What risk!"

Then they put their heads together and read the body of the letter, having up till then merely glanced at the signature.

It ran as follows:

"I am in the city for the cause. If you have anything to communicate, send it to Jonas Toole's place, and do so as soon as possible. Everything depends on promptness and absolute secrecy. The fortunes of liberty are at stake. FRANK."

After reading this letter the two young ladies again looked into each other's eyes.

"He is here as a spy!" cried Priscilla. "And you know what they did to Capt. Hale."

"Yes," and Lucy shuddered. "We have a little news, but sending it to Jonas Toole's place is taking a risk. We will take it ourselves, Priscilla."

"That we will. How opportune Col. Fuller's visit was. We may not see Capt. Lowry personally, but we will let him know that two hearts in New York have not been overawed by the shadow of King George."

"But how to reach him? That is the question. You know that Jonas Toole is more than suspected. His place is watched day and night, and the old man is

aware of it. How unfortunate it is that Capt. Lowry has chosen this place at which to hear from us."

"But he must have the news we wormed out of Col. Fuller."

"Ay! and he shall get it!"

"Let us study out a plan," said Mistress Priscilla. "Frank Lowry has risked his neck coming to the city, but no doubt he came at the suggestion of Washington, and since he is here, we will do what we can to render his mission successful."

Half an hour later the two girls were seen to glide from the house by the rear entrance and creep through the garden there.

"Who slipped the letter under the door?" suddenly exclaimed Priscilla.

"Frank in person, perhaps," was the reply. "He may have noticed that we had company and feared to come further."

"Then he did the right thing to beat a retreat. Had he blundered into Col. Fuller's presence he might have thrown us off our guard and fastened the rope about his own neck. Let us, therefore, play our part of the drama with coolness, for we may need our heads before the curtain is rung down."

And the two fair rebels ceased speaking as they slipped off in the darkness of old New York.

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING ACQUAINTANCE.

The few miles that intervened between Washington's camp at White Plains and New York had been successfully passed over by Capt. Lowry, and the ardent young patriot found himself in the city.

The danger attached to his mission he did not underrate, and his first act was to call upon a man known as one of the best friends of liberty in New York.

He was welcomed by this person, who could not give him any news concerning Gen. Howe's plans, and Frank had recourse to other efforts.

After penning the note which he felt would soon fall into Priscilla Beverley's hands, he carried it himself to its destination, and adroitly slipped it under the door, where it was found, as has been seen, by Mistress Kent's servant, Plato.

On his way back to his friend's, Frank almost ran into a young fellow of athletic build, who did not seem to be in the best of humor.

He was standing on a corner waiting for a regiment of British soldiers to pass, and while Frank, out of mere curiosity, stopped near the man he heard him utter language which showed that he had a grievance against Gen. Howe.

"They're nice looking fellows," he remarked to the young man as the regiment marched past.

"Food for rebel powder," was the reply. "They'll come back with thinned ranks, I can tell you, for these ragamuffin rebels can shoot to beat creation. I saw how they mowed the king's soldiers down over on Long Island in the summer. Why, it was a picnic for them."

"What regiment is that?"

"It is the Forty-second Foot. They do good work when left to themselves, but they are harassed by a lot of half-drunken officers who get them into all sorts of messes. By the way, be you of the city?"

"No," answered Frank; "I am from the outside."

"I thought so; so am I."

"From the upper country?"

"Yes; from Westchester."

"I am from the other side of the Bronx. I live near New Rochelle."

"What might your name be, fellow?"

"Tom Haverstraw."

"And mine's Jacob Smock."

Frank looked into the speaker's face and smiled to himself.

He had heard of the Smocks of Westchester, Tories all, and several of them spies for the king.

"Then we might call each other neighbor," remarked Washington's young spy. "You live in Westchester,

while nothing but a little stream separates us. When did you come down?"

"Oh, the other night. I am a little disgusted with the king's officers."

"How so? Don't they treat you well? They ought to be good to us, for we sometimes give them a little information."

"That's just what we do!" cried Jacob. "We put our necks into a rebel halter for King George, and yet when it comes to reward we get but little. Confound these stingy officers! They swell around the city in scarlet, make love to the fair damsels, and have a royal time. They give their banquets and big suppers, toast the king and leave the poor privates to be mowed down by rebel artillery."

"It's not just right," observed Frank, to encourage the fellow's flow of rebuke.

"Right?" cried Master Smock. "It's dead wrong! Let me tell you, Master Haverstraw, I had a little experience with this tinsel court the other night. I came down here from above with some important news about Washington and his rabble. I went direct to Gen. Howe's headquarters—he happened to be in the city that night—and found him in council with Cornwallis, Clinton, Percy and De Heister. I opened my budget and told all I knew, and what do you think they did?"

"Gave you a goodly lot of guineas, as they should."

"They first offered me the thanks of the king, which

butter no bread, as you know. When I plainly intimated that I wanted something more substantial they thought they would open their purses——"

"And empty them at your feet, as they should have done?"

"The miserly redcoats did nothing of the kind. First one gave a gold piece, then another, and that bloated skunk of a De Heister actually robbed himself of two shillings for my benefit."

"And you——"

"I gave the whole lot a piece of my mind. I had a few very plain words for Cornwallis who, when I told them all that I wanted a little gold for a honeymoon, proposed to kiss the bride in addition to the stipend they offered for my services."

"Well?"

"We had some hot words, and the whole thing ended in my picking Lord Cornwallis up and throwing him down in his chair. That did me more good than witnessing the hanging of a rebel. Of course, I got out of the room as soon after that as possible, for if they had detained me, by my life! I believe, hot as I was over the insult, I would have let out some of the earl's blood. I didn't get a shilling for my services, and sometimes I wish that the ragged rebels would make King George dance to the tune of Yankee Doodle. It's aggravating to have your services treated in that manner, I tell you."

"It's not right. Now, I have been down myself with some bits of information for the king's men," volubly answered Capt. Frank. "I find them fair pay, but, as I am not about to embark on the matrimonial sea as you mention you are, I did not expect much pay."

"I like your looks, Master Haverstraw," said the British spy. "You look honest and all that, and I think we should become friends. Do you ever indulge in a little wine?"

"I never do. My father was a total abstainer, and we children were raised in his belief."

"Which was right!" exclaimed Jacob Smock. "I take a little too much myself at times, and perhaps I had a little when I threw Lord Cornwallis into the chair. You see, I came down that night with Rufus Mactaw, of whom you may have heard, and we took a little wine at Little's."

"On Bowling Green? I know where it is."

"Well, since you won't take a drink with me we will stroll downtown a bit. It is a lovely night, and I want to see more of you, Master Haverstraw."

Nothing loath to accommodate the young spy, Capt. Lowry strolled off with him, and in a few minutes they were reclining on the grass at the Battery.

There Jacob Smock opened up, and told Washington's spy all about his love affair and his forthcoming marriage to Mistress Martin, to all of which Frank listened with a good deal of interest.

He was only waiting for the time to draw his new-found acquaintance out a little.

At last the time arrived.

Master Smock grew communicative as he proceeded.

He told Frank a good deal about the British army, showed him just how the different commands were posted, and how they expected to assault Washington at White Plains as soon as Lord Howe gave the orders.

They had a good time on the grass where it had not been trampled by the feet of soldiers, and Master Smock puffed on his pipe as he dilated on his subject.

He was a thorough spy, and one as cunning as a hare, but wine had evidently loosened his tongue, and Frank was shrewd enough to humor him in many ways, taking occasion to sympathize with him in his grievance against the British officers who had refused to suitably reward him for his services.

"When do you think Gen. Howe will attack the rebels?" asked Frank.

"In a short time. I heard Knyphausen say—he never keeps anything to himself, that Dutchman doesn't—that in less than forty-eight hours the Yankees would be in full retreat from White Plains. That means an assault."

"I don't think it would be very hard to carry their works," remarked Frank, looking into Jacob's face.

"That depends how the rebels fight," was the reply.

"Why, I happened to see some of the fighting on Long Island, and the way the Marylanders stood up to the work was a caution."

Frank smiled proudly.

Well did he recall the fighting of the Marylanders on that memorable occasion, for he was in their ranks that day, and could not forget that stubborn resistance nor the way they mowed the British down.

"I am a sort of newsgatherer myself," said Capt. Lowry. "I pick up a good deal, you know. I sometimes go into the rebel camp and nose round just for the pleasure of picking up scraps of news. Then I retail to Gen. Howe—when he will listen——"

"He is a good listener, but a poor paymaster," snarled Jacob Smock, the spy.

"That is true. Now, there is Earl Percy——"

"Oh, Earl Percy pays a little better than Gen. Howe, but he likes to cling to a sovereign with the rest of them. The king's officers revel in money. Why, they have a treasure chest that would make the eyes of the rebels water for a year. They drink the best of wines and never pay for them so long as they can get the Tories to open their cellars for them. Gold? You've never seen British gold in bulk, Master Haverstraw?"

"Not I."

"Well, I have and, truth to tell, the guineas looked as big as artillery wheels in my eyes," exclaimed Jacob. "And to think, with all their extravagance,

these well-dressed, befopped generals can't afford to pay a poor fellow a little something for information."

"It is a shame."

"I met Cornwallis on the street the other day and he looked at me as black as midnight, for he remembered the cuffing he got at my hands council night. He's not in New York now, neither is Howe."

"Have they gone up-country?"

"Yes; they are now with their commands, which means a movement upon the rebels in a short time. I learn that those rebels are getting audacious."

Frank did not reply.

"They organize little parties and sneak out after dark, falling upon some pickets and demolishing them. They are noted for this sort of work."

"I have heard of such predatory acts," responded Capt. Lowry. "They seem to be successful."

"Yes; they generally carry back with them some king's men who fall into the Yankee trap. It makes me laugh. I wish they would gobble in my old friend Cornwallis. They will one of these days if the war lasts long enough."

After this prophecy Master Smock yawned and said he must be going.

"Where do you put up?" he asked Frank, as he extended his hand.

"Nowhere in particular. I just circle round when in the city. I think I shall get out to-night."

"I may do the same; but if you care to look me up you might find me at No. 31 Whitehall Street. I nest there, and Rufus Mactaw sometimes drops in and shares the roost with me."

"I trust you'll fare better next time with the generals," said Frank, as he took the man's hand.

"If I don't I'll quit the king's service, that's what I'll do. I can't keep my neck in the halter for nothing, you know, Master Haverstraw."

Capt. Lowry watched Jacob out of sight and turned away himself.

He had picked up a good deal of news already.

His meeting with the Tory spy had been most opportune, and he was hoping that the letter which he had left under Mistress Kent's door for the girls would bring forth fruit.

As he turned away he noticed a man standing in the shadow of a tree, and evidently watching him.

He did not give the man a close look for fear of attracting his attention too much, therefore he walked slowly away.

In a little while he heard footsteps behind him, and glancing over his shoulder discovered with a thrill that he was followed by this same personage.

Frank increased his pace, but did not show signs of fear or discovery.

In a short time he turned into another street and ventured to look back.

His unknown tracker had been joined by a companion, and they were evidently looking after him.

To be tracked in New York under the circumstances sent a nameless thrill to the heart of Washington's young spy, and he, therefore, became closer on his guard.

"I must rid myself of those fellows," thought Capt. Frank. "I must get away from them, and as soon as possible. This is a little more than I bargained for. Ah! I have it. Here comes Col. Fuller's recruiting squad. I'll play recruit for a little while."

He stepped to the edge of the gutter and waited for the squad of men, who were headed by a drum and a banner which called for recruits for the Loyal Foot. It was a ticklish moment in Frank Lowry's life, for to be discovered in New York at that time meant death.

CHAPTER V.

SNATCHED FROM THE KING'S SERVICE.

Carrying out the first thought that entered his head, Capt. Lowry fell in behind the music and stepped along with the half dozen new recruits.

It was a daring thing to do, but it seemed the only alternative that presented itself.

Frank tried to be as awkward as possible, slouching up against his nearest companion and getting roundly cursed for his trouble.

His act was greeted with some shouts by the men in line, and the drummers looked back with grins as they redoubled their efforts on the sheepskin, and the fifer blew a shriller blast, probably in recognition of Frank's loyalty to the king.

The men who had followed our hero from the Battery stopped and watched him for a few moments.

Perhaps they had come to the conclusion that they had suspected an innocent party, and when the squad turned a corner they went in an opposite direction.

Keeping behind the music, Frank Lowry was escorted some distance through the city, and at last found himself in an old building where the squad halted.

This place, hung round with lanterns, was the head-

quarters for the Loyal Foot, and Frank awaited the appearance of the redoubtable Col. Fuller.

He was not compelled to wait long, for that individual, clad in all the showy garb of a full-fledged colonel in King George's service, entered with much pompousness, and struck an attitude in front of the squad.

His countenance showed that the success of the night had disgusted him.

Where he had expected twenty recruits he had received but five, and three of these had evidently fallen in behind the drums out of pure fun.

"We are about to administer the oath of loyalty to our king to those who have joined us to-night," said the colonel. "This is the Loyal Foot, and we are to fight for the king against the rebels in North America."

"Huzza for the king!" shouted a recruit, as he threw his hat in air and settled back into ranks.

"Silence!" thundered Col. Fuller. "Men, you will come up here and sign the roll."

He pointed to a sheet of paper on the table by which he stood, and one or two of those who heard stepped forward.

Frank held back.

He recalled the last words of Washington, that he should not venture too far.

Should he become a member of the Loyal Foot he would only be placing himself more than ever in the shadow of the rope, and he hesitated.

"You're just the sort o' fellow we need," cried Col. Fuller, singling Frank out. "We need young blood in the ranks. We don't care for those past fifty, but, sirree, you have the muscle and the courage, so, step up, young sir, and sign the roll."

Frank came forward, looking up into Col. Fuller's face and trying to see in his eyes a gleam of sympathy.

"I'd like to ask my mother's consent first," he said. "She is loyal to the king, but I'm not yet of age——"

"Sign and tell her afterward," broke in the colonel of the Loyal Foot. "She'll approve of your step, and in the future she will never have cause to regret giving her son to the service of his majesty, King George."

"It's not that, sir," answered Frank. "But you see, I am her only child, and to do this thing might not be right without her consent."

"Why, then, did you fall in behind the drums?"

"Through a little spurt of excitement, I guess."

"Don't you know that you're as good as enlisted now?"

"Really, I do not."

"Well, you are. You have fallen in behind the drums of the Loyal Foot, and that act alone constitutes you a recruit."

"But——"

"Sign the paper and talk afterward!" roared Col. Fuller.

"My mother——"

"To thunder with your mamma! When did you leave the apron strings, or are you still tied to them? Come, sir, this is no laughing matter. You belong to the regiment, and we want just such boys as you, and——"

Capt. Lowry looked round, but saw no sympathetic face. All were against him.

Just then there entered the shed a man, at sight of whom his heart took a great leap in his bosom.

It was Jacob Smock, with whom he had parted on the Battery.

"Hello!" cried the Tory spy. "Have they netted you, Master Haverstraw?"

"I fell in behind the drums, Master Jacob, but I don't care to join just now, but they won't let me loose."

"They won't, eh?"

Master Smock's figure seemed to increase an inch in stature as he came forward, and striding up to the table he halted in front of Col. Fuller.

"Why don't you let the young un off?" he asked.

"He fell in behind the drums, and that makes him one of us."

"If I sleep in an oven, am I a loaf of bread?"

"See here, who are you?"

"No matter who I am. You can't hold this boy, for he's nothing but a boy, and, as he's from up-country,

I'm going to see that he's not impressed against his will."

"But he says he wants to see his mother——"

"As he has a right to do. You just let Tom Haverstraw go."

"And he'll never show up again."

"What if he doesn't? You can find some one to take his place. Are you the commander of this regiment, which you have just called the Loyal Foot?"

"I am Col. Fuller."

"Then, sir, you've got a good deal of assurance to hold this friend of mine. I am Jacob Smock, from Westchester, and you will never smell gunpowder if you wait till you fill up your ranks in this city. You release that boy over there."

"And never fill the regiment?"

Master Smock stepped a little nearer the commander of the Loyal Foot and straightened at the edge of the table.

"You'll do as I say!" he cried. "Come, Master Haverstraw, I'll read this fellow's pedigree!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Fuller. "I don't know you."

"Then I have a little the advantage!" cried Jacob. "I haven't forgotten a little incident in your career, Socrates Fuller. It was last summer over on Long Island. A poor woman had a cow—all the support she had. One night the animal was stolen by a lot of

miscreants, and in her place was left a lot of bogus bills. Now, sir, you know who stole the widow's cow, Col. Fuller. You know who took the support of the poor woman away, and who had a feast in a gully not many miles from the cow-pen. Don't shake your head. Don't look at Jacob Smock and deny it. I know what I'm telling you. Gentlemen," he turned upon the little crowd, "this is all true. There stands the man who stole the widow's cow, and now he parades his loyalty to the king and wants to impress my friend, Tom Haverstraw, into his regiment. He's a pretty hound, isn't he?"

Col. Fuller was red in the face.

"I'll make you pay for this!" he exclaimed. "I'll see that you are drummed out of the city at the head of a lot of redcoats."

"Fetch on your drums!" laughed the up-country giant. "You'll find me whenever you look for me. I don't hide behind a hayrick as did a certain fellow during the fighting on Long Island."

"It's false!"

"Nobody's accused you, sir."

"But I challenge you——"

"That's as far as you ever get," put in Jacob. "You never get beyond the challenge stage. Come, Master Haverstraw, we'll go."

Frank was quite ready to quit the place with his champion.

Col. Fuller looked at the Tory spy and color came and went on his face.

"You say your name's Smock——"

"Jacob Smock! Shall I spell it out for you? You get yourself up like one of the lilies o' Solomon's time, for I'll swear you neither work nor spin. What does the king expect of you and your regiment? No doubt you think you will annihilate the rebels, Washington included, but if your recruits are all like you, Col. Fuller, there'll be the liveliest race in the first battle you ever saw. It will take a streak of lightning to catch you. Come, Master Haverstraw."

"I'll have you arrested for interfering with the king's recruiting service," roared Fuller, out of breath.

"Oh! go over on the island, if you have the courage, and pay for Mistress Kenny's cow."

With this sally Jacob turned and marched off with Frank at his side.

They reached the outer air and halted just beyond the confines of the shed.

"I've a mind to go back and throw him out through the roof!" cried Master Smock. "Wanted to hold you to the king's service when you're already in it! The coward! He deserves a good cowhiding, and he dare not go over on Long Island and face the woman whom he plundered."

"Of course not. But I must thank you, Master Smock, for your friendly interference. I did not ex-

pect such an outcome to my little adventure when I fell in behind the drums."

"Don't do it again. It's dangerous, for they impress people right here in New York. I'm sorry to say it, but the king's officers are in a strait for new recruits, and they're not overly nice as to the manner of getting them."

"I'll take your advice," answered Capt. Lowry.

He did not tell his friend why he had fallen in behind the music. He was not going to compromise himself with the truth, which could be kept back and do no one any harm.

"Won't you go home and bed with me to-night?" asked Jacob, when they had reached a certain corner.

"No, thank you; I will go to a friend's in another part of the city. When will you go away?"

"Probably to-night yet. I want to get to the army, but I'm not going to risk my head in the ranks. That would interfere with the future happiness of Mistress Martin, you know."

"Well, keep safe for her," smiled Frank, as he parted with the spy.

"That was a narrow escape," thought Washington's spy, when he had gotten beyond Master Smock. "Jacob was a friend in need, but it will not do to cultivate his acquaintance too much. Now for Master Toole's. Perchance my note has been received and I may hear from Priscilla yet to-night."

Frank, watchful now as he made off, struck straight for another part of the city.

In less than ten minutes he entered a little notion shop wedged in between two other buildings, which were tightly closed.

The door stood ajar, and the windows did not look the cleanest.

As he closed the door behind him a figure slipped down behind the narrow counter and, adjusting its spectacles, looked him in the face.

The room was not very well lighted, only one candle glimmered on the counter, and the figure behind it grew grotesque as Frank inspected it.

"What's wanting?" said the owner of the funny shape.

Frank leaned across the counter and laid one hand on the man's arm.

"Liberty," he said.

"Where from?"

The voice of the young spy sank lower than ever.

"Washington!"

The eyes behind the counter brightened.

"Come back in ten minutes."

Frank nodded and slipped from the shop.

Once more on the pavement he fell against the weather-boarding and edged along it toward the larger building.

He had seen something.

Twenty feet away a dark object loomed along the front of the closed house, and the young spy held his breath.

Not for a moment did he take his eye from the strange thing.

He thought of the two men who had followed him up to his taking step with the recruiting squad.

Had one of them come back?

Frank Lowry cautiously watched the object along the building until it moved.

It did not approach him, but backed the other way, and all at once fell back into a doorway and vanished.

"Thank fortune," he said, under his breath. "I thought it was watching me."

The following moment he stifled a cry in his throat, for the doorway vomited out two men, and they turned and came straight in his direction.

The young spy tried to imbed himself in the old weather-boarding, but with indifferent success.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAP.

"I thought I saw him go in," said a voice, as the two figures advanced upon the breathless Frank.

"He surely did, and I thought he came out."

"We must wait on the outside, unless you can slip in and see how the land lies."

Frank Lowry, now convinced that he was almost in the clutches of death, did not stir, but continued to hug the wall while he looked at the phantoms.

"You can go in best. You know old Jonas."

In another moment he must be discovered, for he could not escape, and Washington's young spy felt for a knife under his doublet.

He had placed it there for an emergency, but he did not look for one just like this.

With his hand on the horn handle of the knife and ready to make a desperate battle for life and liberty, Frank was about to draw the weapon when the person stopped in front of him.

"Here!" was all the stranger said.

There was something in the voice that sent a thrill through every fiber of the youth's frame.

The next second he had leaped forward and his hand was on the other's sleeve.

"Benjamin!" he gasped.

"Frank!"

The two boys stood in the shadows trying to look fairly into each other's face.

It was an exciting moment, and their clasped hands told of the terrible strain that held them.

"Who is the other?" asked Frank.

"The young Long Islander, Tom Hapgood."

"The avenger!" cried Frank. "And you have been following me?"

"Yes. We have come down to the city on a mission of peril. It was a scheme of Tom's. We want to get hold of some of the medical stores of the British. Our brave fellows, you know, are dying for want of medicine, and a captured redcoat told us that there is an abundance of such in the city."

"No doubt of it," said Frank; "but it may be well guarded."

"Undoubtedly it is; but it is life for our soldiers."

By this time Tom had come up and was looking into Frank's face.

"Whose den is this?" asked the youth, pointing at the half-open door of Jonas Toole's place.

"It is the home of a friend of liberty. But we must not enter yet."

"When can we talk in yonder?"

"In a few minutes. But, Tom, you must not look for redcoats while in New York."

"If I can keep my anger down I won't attack them; but you know they hanged my father on Long Island."

"Yes; but——"

A slight noise at the door attracted the three boys, and a voice said:

"Come in now."

They turned and entered the place.

Jonas Toole readjusted his spectacles and looked in amazement at three, where he expected to find but one.

"It's all right," explained Frank. "We're all for the cause."

Master Toole led the boys through the shop and into the rear room, where he raised a trapdoor in the floor and disclosed a flight of steps.

"Down," he said.

All three descended and stood in the dark till the master of the shop appeared with a candle, which he stuck into a bayonet thrust into the wall.

Then the little old man folded his arms and leaned against the stones while he looked at the youths.

"Shall I bring the ladies down?" he asked.

"The ladies? Are they here?" cried Frank.

"Yes."

"Show them in, Master Jonas."

The shopkeeper slipped to the top of the stairs and said something in low tones.

The rustle of skirts was heard on the steps, and in another moment Priscilla and Lucy appeared.

Frank uttered an exclamation of joy and stepped forward, while Benjamin was not far behind him.

"Are we safe here, Master Toole?" inquired Priscilla. "You know we don't want eavesdroppers in a case of this kind."

"You are safe," was the reply. "You are lower than the street."

"What is the shop on the right?"

"A chandler's."

"And the one on the left?"

"An undertaker's."

"Then we ought to be safe here," said Frank, with a smile. "You got my letter, Priscilla?"

"Yes, while we were entertaining Col. Fuller."

"Who narrowly escaped becoming my colonel. If you have any news, young ladies——"

"We pumped Col. Fuller and got something out of the king's dandy."

Within the circle of light the five young people drew close together and Priscilla narrated the story of Col. Fuller's entertainment at the home of her friend, Mistress Kent, where she was stopping for the present.

"That is news," remarked Frank. "It will give Washington an idea of the designs of the enemy, and is almost as much as I bargained for when I set out on my mission. I have learned that Gen. Howe is not now in the city. Jacob Smock told me this——"

"What?" cried Mistress Kent. "Have you met with that young Tory?"

"Yes."

"Then you have had a narrow escape. He is Howe's spy; that is, he is from Westchester, and——"

"He made no concealment of that, Mistress Lucy; in fact, he was eager to acquaint me with his designs. Jacob Smock is as strong as a giant, and he certainly is for the king."

"There's no discount on his loyalty to King George——"

"Even if he did give Lord Cornwallis a good setting down a short time ago."

"I've heard of that. It leaked out—I hear that Earl Percy couldn't keep the secret—and the whole city has been laughing over the affray."

Frank made mental notes of the information he had extracted from the two young ladies, and Capt. Benjamin eagerly inquired after the location of the medical supplies.

"You must not risk your lives trying to get hold of the medicines!" exclaimed Priscilla. "The place is well guarded and cannot be plundered."

"Cannot, say you?" exclaimed Benjamin. "I fancy that my friend, Master Hapgood, will be willing to help me in my little venture."

"To the end!" cried the young Long Islander, en-

thusiastically. "I've never heard of anything yet I couldn't steal."

"But, Master Hapgood," said Priscilla, looking at the speaker, "you must know that to find the medicines is to court death."

"Then we'll look for them," was the deliberate answer.

The talk in the cellar of Jonas Toole's place lasted nearly an hour.

When the council broke up the members slipped out one by one, and Frank and Benjamin bade the two young ladies good-by in the old shop.

Frank said he would post back to the army yet that night, and lay before Washington the information he had obtained.

Capt. Benjamin and Tom said they would remain in the city in hopes of getting at the precious medicines; but both promised to be back in time to take part in the expected battle.

Priscilla and Lucy were permitted to steal away through the rear part of the building, and in a short time were flitting back toward the latter's home.

The three young rebels remained.

They were standing in a little chamber without a light when they heard the cautious voice of old Jonas, who had been on guard.

"The enemy!" said the shopkeeper.

"Where?" came from the darkness.

"On the pavement and in the rear of the shop."

The boys could not see each other's faces, but all felt the importance of the words.

"The girls——"

"Oh, they got away all right," broke in Jonas; "you need not fear for them. But there are men in front and behind."

"How many?" these words came from Tom Hapgood.

"I did not count them, but I heard them."

"Might I find them?"

"Who spoke?" asked Jonas.

"I did, sir, Tom Hapgood. Might I see them, I asked?"

"If your eyes are good enough."

"I have the eyes of an owl, they say. Show me the way, Master Toole."

"Come to me, then."

The young Long Islander went forward till he found the old man's wrist and was led from the place.

Five minutes later Frank and Benjamin heard their return.

"Old Jonas told the truth. The place is watched; in fact, it seems to be surrounded."

"How many?" asked Frank Lowry.

"Six outside in front and five in the garden."

"Soldiers?"

"Yes."

The boys were silent.

Here was a danger that menaced them with death.

Surrounded by the king's men, and almost in their hands, the three young rebels could look disaster in the face.

The shop was no protection for them, provided the enemy saw fit to enter it.

They doubted if it could be defended for ten minutes against a squad of soldiers determined upon a hanging, and, look at the situation any way they dared, they could see but little hope.

Old Jonas Toole leaned against the wall out of breath and silent.

He had managed to keep out of the enemy's clutches till now; though suspected, he had played his game pretty well, and his work for liberty had brought him the praise of Washington himself.

But now, with the cordon of red about him, he was at the end of his tether, as it seemed.

The little old man did not speak.

The terrible situation seemed to paralyze all his faculties.

Wifeless and childless, he had but little to live for, but there burned in his bosom a love he had given to no woman, for all of it he had consecrated to the cause of liberty.

Could the boys have looked into the old man's face

they would have pitied him from the bottom of their hearts.

The last thing old Jonas wanted to do was to fall into the hands of the British.

Better death than that, for should he be sentenced to hang as a rebel spy, many a Tory in New York would flock to the green to see him perish.

"Six and five are eleven," said the voice of Tom Hapgood, at last, in whispers in the gloom.

"And four against them," whispered Frank.

"Gentlemen"—it was the voice of Jonas now—"we are in a trap. There is no way out——"

"None, you say?"

"None, save straight into the hands of the foe. They are on the street and in the garden. They have tracked you hither, and they know that you are here."

"I don't gainsay that, Jonas," put in Capt. Benjamin; "but the fly is not killed yet."

"What will you do?"

"Get out! That's the first thing to do."

"But the king's soldiers out yonder?"

"To Styx with the redcoats!" cried Frank. "We are to get out of this place."

"I can get all of us out!" said Master Toole's voice. "I have not lived here all this time for nothing."

"That's the way to talk," exclaimed Benjamin. "We will turn matters over to you, Master Jonas."

"Follow me, then. You can feel your way along the wall here. Ah! you have found the wall?"

"Yes."

"Then, this way. I'm just ahead. Ah! here's the door. Now come on and I'll close it."

The boys heard a door open and shut. They knew they had entered another apartment.

Presently they caught the glint of striking flints, then a little flame leaped up, and in another moment they beheld old Jonas holding a bit of burning tow near the juncture of wall and floor.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUBSTANTIAL GHOST.

A questioning sentence sprang simultaneously to the lips of the three.

"What is he doing?"

The little flame revealed the wrinkled face of the old man, but it revealed more than that.

It showed the boys something like a bit of twisted paper under the flame, and all started.

It was a fuse and the fire was almost touching it!

Quick as a flash, Frank Lowry darted forward and seized Jonas Toole's wrist, at the same time jerking him back.

"Madman! what would you do?" he cried.

"What but get us all out of the clutches of the red-coats? I told you I would do it."

"But the paper—the fuse?"

Old Jonas laughed.

"It is the surest way out—a little quick, 'tis true, but sure. Ha! ha!"

Frank held on to the iron wrist and Capt. Pierce placed his foot on the fuse, crushing it against wall and floor.

"When did you set the train?" asked Frank.

"When first the redcoats streamed into the city. Ah! I said they should never take old Jonas."

"You'd blow us all up, eh?"

"That's it, young sir. We'd all go up together. And the British would never stretch our necks."

The boys looked from the old shopkeeper to one another.

They saw a glitter in his little eyes which were set far back in the little head, and knew that he was mad.

"Pull him off!" cried Tom Hapgood. "He's no better than the enemy."

Benjamin interposed a hand to stay rough treatment from the young Long Islander, and between them all the old man was pulled back and held from his intentions.

"Leave him for the enemy," said Capt. Frank. "We must get out of this trap."

"But secure him first. If set free he will carry out his purpose yet."

They bound the old man's hands, and Frank said:

"Show us the door. We'll get out if you'll do that. No blowing up yet."

Old Jonas laughed.

"Do you want to get out to hang?" he said. "Eleven to three, for you can't count an old chap like me in. Let me send us all to Saint Peter."

"Not till we've won the fight for liberty," responded Tom. "I don't care about going through the roof all

in a splatter. I'd sooner meet Gen. Howe and his whole army."

When the old shopkeeper had quieted down a little he seemed to come to his senses and the wild light faded from his eyes.

The boys saw this and rejoiced.

"Isn't there some secret way out of this trap?" asked Frank.

"There used to be, but the chandler blocked it up last summer."

"Why?"

"He said he didn't want to let any rebels out if they got hemmed in by the king's soldiers."

"Oh, the chandler was a Tory, eh?"

"The bitterest kind—as bad as Oliver Delancy."

"Well, then he was pretty bad, for Delancy is the worst Tory on Long Island," snapped Tom.

Moments were slipping away, and the three young patriots were still in the shadow of fate.

"Let us see the blocked way," said Frank.

Old Jonas guided them down the cellar steps and pointed to a certain place in the wall.

"It seems to be solid stone," remarked Frank, after he had inspected the spot.

"It has been ever since the chandler made it so."

"And beyond the wall is the secret way, you say?"

"It used to be there."

The boys fell to work, and with some crude imple-

ments which the shop afforded they tore loose the stone, and Tom thrust the handle of the pickax forward.

"Here it is, by all that's holy!" he cried.

The others gave vent to ejaculations of satisfaction.

There was a dark, cavernous opening ahead, but it gave out no information as to where it terminated.

"Where does it end?" queried Capt. Benjamin.

"In the chandler's cellar."

"And what's there, pray?"

"Rubbish of all sorts."

"Then we take the path, let it lead whither it may."

"Not I!" cried Jonas, shrinking back. "You don't get this old rat out of one trap into another. He might as well be caught in the first one."

"Fetch him along," said Frank. "We will save the old man against his will."

They crept into the dark place, pulling the old shopkeeper after them.

A crawl through Stygian gloom brought them to a door that did not yield.

"It's locked—curse your chandler!" growled Lowry.

"I might have told you so."

"But push against it, all together! We must not let a door stand long between us and freedom."

The three youths threw themselves against the stubborn portal and it quivered.

"Once more!" cried Frank. "It must yield with another effort."

He was right, the door fell inward and an odor of grease and candles nearly suffocated them.

"Shut the door," commanded Frank.

In the darkness this was done, and old Jonas cried out:

"The tallow vat is somewhere in this cellar——"

He was interrupted by a half-suppressed cry, and Tom Hapgood managed to splutter:

"I've found the pesky thing. Help! Help!"

Tom was up to his neck in tallow, and as he tried to catch hold of the rim of the vat he repeated his call for assistance.

"That's the quickest trip to Greece I ever heard of!" he cried, as he was pulled out by Frank and Benjamin, who fortunately found him in the gloom.

"It's better than a trip to the gallows," remarked Frank.

Tom was also sure of this, and the light which Benjamin now struck by aid of his tinder box revealed a sight that, under different circumstances, might have convulsed them with laughter.

Tom was a sight. He was covered with tallow from head to foot, his garments dripping with the slimy substance and his face a mess of it.

As Tom stood there in the light looking down at himself, he could not suppress a grimace.

"Bless me if I wouldn't make a good ghost!" he grinned. "I could frighten all the British in the city. Just let me try it on the nearest sentry, and I'll warrant he'll shoot past old Trinity as if the fiends were after him."

Both Frank and Benjamin wanted to dispossess Tom of his new garment, but the young Long Islander objected, saying it might stand all of them in need in the near future.

In a short time the boys found their way across the old cellar, reached the doorway leading upward, and in a few minutes stood in the workroom of the chandler.

"Let the red rats watch the other trap; we're below them. Now for a break for liberty!"

By this time old Jonas had so far recovered his equilibrium as to act sanely, and the boys loosened his bonds.

All four made their way through the chandler's shop to the rear door and opened it.

As they did so they heard a British sentry call the hour with the usual "All's well."

"Now for the break!" whispered Tom. "Follow me, and don't get too near the spook if you have any regard for your clothes."

Master Hapgood crossed the little garden behind the shop and the others stepped in his tracks.

As they neared the corner which they were making for, Tom stopped, drew back a pace, and whispered:

"The sentry!"

By making good use of their eyes, all saw the figure of the British sentinel before them.

The fellow in scarlet paced his little beat with head erect and whistling to himself.

"I wonder if he believes in ghosts," grinned Tom, as he again surveyed his tallow coating.

"I believe we can slip past him," answered Capt. Benjamin.

"No, let me try him," and Tom advanced slowly, but with the slightest noise.

As the young Long Islander came forward, the sentry stopped short and brought his musket to a charge.

He leaned forward and looked straight at the statuesque figure of Tom Hapgood and fell back.

"Halt!" rang from his lips.

Tom did not move.

"Halt!" repeated the sentry, but in tones indicative of terror.

Tom moved deliberately toward him.

"Who—goes—there?"

"The silent dead," moaned the Long Islander, in sepulchral voice.

The sentry took another look, then turned on his heels and ran for his life.

He was off like a bolt fired from a gun, and as he vanished his cries of terror followed him.

"I told you so!" laughed Tom. "I could break up

Gen. Howe's council of war in this suit of greasy white. Wait! Here comes the night patrol."

"But you don't intend to try it on them?"

"All redcoats are alike," was the answer, and to the astonishment of the three behind him, Tom planted himself in the path of the advancing soldiers.

The flash of a lantern broke the semi-darkness that existed and the voices of the patrol were plainly heard.

"What made that sentry run?" said a voice. "He must have been frightened, for he went past us like a streak of light and——"

Tom Hapgood raised his arms, and in the same tones that had chased the last semblance of valor from the breast of the British sentry, exclaimed:

"Where have they buried my body? What has become of the poor tenement of my hapless soul——?"

The patrol stood still in its tracks.

The sergeant, with his lantern raised above his head, peered forward, and those behind him craned their necks in the same direction.

"My God! the ghost!"

"Give—me—back—my—body!"

There were half a dozen cries of terror blended into one, the lantern fell from the sergeant's hand, and he stumbled back against his fellow soldiers.

Tom advanced and repeated his dolorous cry, the men before him falling back until, unable to withstand

their terror longer, they turned and chased one another up the street.

"Now for freedom in earnest! We've frightened the enemy out of his wits and can save our precious necks if we take advantage of the situation. Come! This way! I know the streets of this city."

Tom Hapgood led the boys and old Jonas down a narrow street and across a few vacant lots.

At last he plunged into a hollow, and when all halted they heard the swish of the Hudson.

"Now," said Tom, "if I can get my bearings and find my old friend, Mark Parkman, we will have a little rest."

He got his "bearings" like a sailor, and in a short time knocked at a little door.

But first he had taken the precaution to scrape the coating of tallow from his person, remarking that he did not care to scare the life out of his friend, and when the door opened the man who looked out drew back and would have slammed the portal in the faces of the fugitives had not Tom been too quick for him and pushed his way into the house.

Under a friendly roof at last, the four fugitives congratulated themselves upon their escape, and Tom Hapgood rolled on the floor while he laughed at the fright of the British soldiers.

Old Jonas was quite overcome by fatigue and was given a pallet in the upper room of the house, while

the three boys, with Mark Parkman, discussed the best plan for finally eluding the king's men.

They knew that they were not yet out of danger, and the fact that soldiers had been discovered about Jonas Toole's house meant that they were still in the shadow of the gallows.

And Washington's young spy, when he came to survey the situation, mentally acknowledged that his future had anything but a golden glow.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEANING LETTER.

Capt. Lowry was anxious to quit the city and report to his commander at White Plains.

This journey could be made best at night and, while he did not relish the thought of leaving Benjamin and Tom within the British lines, he felt that he was needed elsewhere.

After the little council which was held in Mark's place, where, for the present at least, the boys could regard themselves safe, it was decided that Frank should make his way back to the army.

The others promised not to get their necks into the halter, but Capt. Lowry, who knew Tom Hapgood's fearlessness, did not place much reliance on this promise.

Frank therefore slipped out of the retreat and began to thread his way through the streets to the outskirts of the city.

Beyond the lines he felt he would be comparatively safe, although the country between New York and White Plains on the east side of the Bronx was in full possession of the enemy.

He therefore resolved to take the west side as soon

as possible, and thus throw himself and his fortunes inside the American lines.

He did not, however, like to quit the city without first having another interview with Priscilla, and turning from the street that was leading him to safety, he hastened in the direction of Mistress Kent's house.

He had not proceeded far when he overheard some soldiers talking on a corner.

A word that fell from the lips of one attracted his attention, and he glided forward in the shadows.

"Now, it's just this way, fellows," said this soldier. "It was a ghost without mistake. Why, didn't it dissolve in thin air the moment it passed us? We ran our bayonets through and through it and never drew blood. Why, it was white and tall and cried out that some one had the body somewhere and that the soul was looking for it."

"And you ran?"

"Of course we ran."

"Show me the ghost and I'll show you flesh and blood. You don't think you can pull the wool over my eyes with such a cock-and-bull story?"

"What was it, then?"

"Why, sir, you were drunk, every mother's son of you. Hadn't you been down to the King's Arms?"

"No. We were the night patrol."

"Just as if patrols don't take a little wine for the stomach's sake," laughed the other. "A ghost in New

York! I vow it was a Yankee ghost, eh, Summerville?"

"Wait till you run across it," was the answer. "Rebel ghost or what not, it was the genuine article."

Frank could not repress a smile over this talk which referred to Tom Hapgood's exploit, and he retained his position until the group left the corner and vanished.

Ten minutes later the young spy came almost in contact with a man who stepped out of a large house.

He was dressed in full regimentals, and a lady who remained in the doorway was talking to him.

"I wish you the best of luck, general," she said. "The sooner you chastise these rebels the sooner will we have quietude in the city. Gen. Howe told me yesterday that he would advance upon their lines tomorrow. He spoke of Chatterton's Hill, what a grand place it was for a battle, and remarked that he hoped to sprinkle it with blue coats."

"We shall do that, Mistress Pauline," answered the handsome soldier, doffing his hat to the lady. "I can understand how you wish for the end of this rebellion. It disturbs society and keeps one's nerves on tension."

"Indeed it does, sir. But wait a moment. I nearly forgot the keepsake for my Lord Cornwallis."

The speaker hastened back into the house, but soon returned to the door with a little packet in her hand.

This she extended to the officer on the sidewalk, who

had waited and who placed it in an inner pocket with a bow.

"With my compliments, of course," remarked the lady. "My Lord Cornwallis will understand."

"No doubt of that, Mistress Pauline."

The officer moved away and the lady stood in the doorway looking after him.

"Gen. Packard is handsome," Frank heard her say, "but he is not to be compared with my Lord Cornwallis. What has become of that servant, Peter? He should have been here before this, and I want to send the other message."

She looked up and down the street, and seemed on the eve of quitting the house on an errand of some sort.

"If only some boy would come along," she went on. "I cannot go myself, and——"

Frank made a little noise, and the next moment appeared before her as if by accident.

"This way, boy," she cried, catching sight of Washington's spy. "Don't you want to make a few shillings by running an errand for me?"

Frank touched his hat and stopped.

He didn't know but what making a few shillings with little work would be just the thing, seeing that he didn't have many of his own, and in another moment he had been invited into the house.

The immense room was handsomely furnished.

Never in his life had he seen such a display of luxury, and he doubted not he had entered the home of some wealthy Tory who spent money without stint, but with an eye to beauty.

In the blaze of the lights that rendered the apartment more than ever a bower of beauty, Frank Lowry sank into one of the elegantly cushioned chairs and waited for the lady to proceed.

She drew a chair up to a little writing table in the middle of the chamber and began to write.

She was not past thirty, but strikingly handsome, her full face and glowing eyes captivating the young provincial while he regarded her.

The lady wrote for five minutes, then folded the letter, melted some crimson wax upon the last fold and stamped it with her rich seal ring.

"Are you acquainted in the city, young sir?" she asked, looking at Frank while she waited for the wax to cool.

"I was raised here," coolly answered Frank Lowry.

"Then you could not be better acquainted."

He bowed and awaited her next words.

"This letter, you will see, is addressed to one Master Coovert, who resides on Whitehall Street. Do you think you could find him?"

"I am quite sure I can, madam."

"Then do so at once. It is very important, and here are ten shillings for your services."

Frank was thrilled when the letter was placed in his hands.

Master Coovert!

It was a name not wholly unknown to him, for Master Coovert was the very man of all men he sought to avoid, as he was in the British secret service and had hunted down more American spies than any one man who served the king.

During the American occupancy of the city he had managed to keep out of Washington's hands, but the moment Howe took possession he was in full feather, and already several spies had paid the penalty of their venture, thanks to the shrewdness of Master Coovert.

And now Frank was expected to carry a message to this very man!

Perhaps Leroy Coovert was even then looking for him, had a full description of his person, and to deliver the message might mean exposure and death.

But Frank did not quaver as these thoughts ran rapidly through his mind.

He clutched the letter and looked up into the lady's face.

"Master Coovert is of course known to everyone," said Washington's spy. "He catches rebels, does he not?"

"That he does, and more than one has he sent out of the world in the king's name."

"I've heard of him," and Frank rose. "I wonder if he is after some one now."

"That he is. Washington has sent a young rebel into the city to spy out some things for him, and Master Coovert is looking for the fellow."

Frank felt a twinge at his neck, but he kept his nerve. To lose it now meant death.

"I hope he'll catch him," he said. "These rebels are giving the king a great deal of trouble."

"They are inflicting a good deal of damage just now. Washington is afraid to come out from behind his works up-country and show fight. By this means he prolongs the war and puts off our final triumph."

"Gen. Howe should make him come out and fight."

"He intends to. Gen. Howe will soon show this rebel that there is a limit to a soldier's endurance, and before to-morrow night you will hear good news from the upper country. But you will find Master Coovert and deliver the message at once."

Frank moved toward the door, followed by the lady whose garments rustled musically upon his ears.

She followed him to the step and again urged him not to lose the letter and to be sure that no one but Master Coovert got it.

It was with a feeling of relief that Washington's young spy heard the door shut behind the lady.

Frank started off and left several squares behind him in a short time.

What was in that letter?

He did not know the name of the sender more than Pauline, which he had heard her other visitor call her, but he believed that he had been intrusted with an important communication which might be of service to the Americans.

To deliver it to the very man who was looking for him would only again thrust his own neck into the British noose, and he was expected to reach Washington before the dawn of another day.

One thought chased another through his mind as he sped on, the letter seeming to burn a hole in his bosom.

He thought of a thousand things.

He recalled the errand which had brought Capt. Benjamin and Tom Hapgood to New York, and of Priscilla's daring in seeking Jonas Toole's place with the information she and Mistress Lucy had extracted from Col. Socrates Fuller.

Instead of making his way to Whitehall Street, then one of the most important in the city, he turned and ran in the opposite direction.

He must know what was in the letter he carried.

At last he stopped at the open door of a vacant house and let himself slip forward till he was lost in the darkness beyond.

Finding another door, he opened it and stood for a few moments amid the gloom, listening for a sound

that would tell him that he was not the sole tenant of the place.

Surely he was alone at last.

Now for the letter!

Taking his tinder box from his pocket, he slipped over to a corner and struck a little light.

Placing the burning tow on the floor, Frank drew forth the letter and looked first at the seal.

It had been sealed with the lady's ring bearing the letters "P. H." in monogram, and skillfully executed.

Without much ado he broke the seal and unfolded the little sheet.

Holding the page close to the light he saw that the handwriting was delicate but firm, and the next moment he was reading as follows:

"MASTER COOVERT: I send you this by a boy who has promised to deliver it as soon as possible. Gen. Packard has just left for the army. The fighting cannot be delayed long, as we have the rebels, so he says, in a trap. I trust you will catch the spy who is in the city. Look close and don't let him escape. This is the chance of your life. If he gets back to Washington it may be your fault. I repeat, don't let him escape, and the moment he is in your clutches close on him and hold him in a viselike grip. I hope to see you soon. But improve the present opportunity, as you may never have another. PAULINE."

Frank's heart went to his throat as he reached the end of the letter.

It had for him a meaning that thrilled every fiber of his being.

"Improve the present opportunity, as you may never have another," he read again and again.

"That woman has the eyes of a hawk," he exclaimed. "She suspected me. She wrote this letter on the spur of the moment. She knows that I am Washington's spy and she is sending me, so she thinks, straight to Master Coovert, or Spy-catching Coovert, as they call him. Who and what is she, anyhow? Well, Master Coovert, when you get this letter you will be much older than you are now," and Frank replaced the letter in his bosom and blew out the light.

Then he slipped from the old, deserted house, and once more stood under the stars with another danger behind him and his face turned toward White Plains.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ORDER OF EXEMPTION.

Leaving Capt. Frank Lowry for a short time, let us follow the fortunes of the young ladies who, after the meeting at Jonas Toole's, glided from the place on their return home.

Priscilla Beverley and her friend, Mistress Kent, rejoiced to know that they had safely delivered their message to Frank and that he would, in turn, inform Washington yet that night of the plans of Gen. Howe, as extracted from Col. Fuller by their finesse and shrewdness.

When they reached Lucy's abode they found Plato, the servant, in a state of excitement.

"Afo' de Lord!" cried the darky, as his eyes seemed to bulge from his head, "Dar's de debbil to pay, Mistress Lucy."

"We don't owe him a penny, Plato."

The darky could not see the pun, but continued to chatter.

"Dey's jes' gone!" he cried.

"Who have just gone?"

"Why, Majah Coovert an' his men."

The girls looked at one another stricken into silence by the name feared by every patriot in New York.

"What did they want here?" Lucy asked.

"Dey searched de house."

"What!" exclaimed Mistress Kent. "Searched this house? You didn't let them do that, did you, Plato?"

"How could dis nigger help hit when dey jes' go ahead an' do hit without authority? Dey jes' ransack de rooms, turnin' eberything over from cellar to attic. Dey took nuffin away, but they hunt de whole house ober jes' de same."

"The miscreants!" snapped the young lady. "This is most unfortunate."

"An' when dey go away dey say dey come back bime-by."

"Let them come! If they do——"

"Dey am out dar now in de yard!"

Priscilla and her friend turned and heard heavy feet on the porch, and in another instant a rap sounded on the paneled door.

Mistress Kent, with indignation in her bright eyes, sprang forward and opened the portal.

She was confronted by a tallish man, who looked her over from head to foot with a grim smile at his lips.

"So you've got back?" he ejaculated. "I thought you were going to remain out all night. Well, Mistress Kent, we've been here before, as your servant has doubtless informed you."

"I've just been told."

"I am Maj. Coovert, of the king's service. We've

been under the painful necessity of searching the house."

"Of course the necessity has been very 'painful' to you!" sarcastically retorted Lucy.

"It was, I assure you. You are aware, Mistress Kent, that it is dangerous to give aid and comfort to the spies of the enemy, and that one who does so is liable to get into deep water."

"Well, and am I charged with doing so?"

By this time Maj. Coovert had edged his way into the hallway, and the young girl, looking past him, saw the figures of half a dozen men on the porch.

"You are not entirely enlisted in the king's cause. We are aware of this. You carry water on both shoulders, to be a little more explicit. You have entertained the officers of the king and, it is more than suspected, that you do so for the purpose of extracting valuable information from them for the rebels."

"It must be an indiscreet servant of King George who would permit a young girl to pump him, don't you think, major?"

Maj. Leroy Coovert, the spy-catcher, smiled.

"We'll not argue that point, for all men are susceptible to the allurements of beauty," he answered. "Wine and women, from the earliest time, have betrayed nations."

"Thank you," said Lucy, bowing at the intended

compliment. "So I am suspected of harboring a rebel spy?"

"You are suspected of having something to do with the matter I have on hand just now. As I have said, we have been under the very painful necessity of searching your house and, out of regard for you, there is one chamber we did not look into during your absence. That is your boudoir."

A scarlet flush overspread the face of the young girl, and she drew back indignantly.

"You are a gentleman, Maj. Coovert," she said. "Perhaps I should thank you."

The major gallantly bowed and doffed his hat.

"The keys to my dressing room are here," and she drew from her pocket a bunch of keys, which she extended. "You might as well finish your search, as it seems to be incomplete."

Somewhat taken aback by the action of Mistress Kent, the spy-catcher flushed, but instantly proceeded.

"I take you at your word," said he. "We will glance through your boudoir. Come, men."

The soldiers, who were armed, filed into the house, and both Priscilla and Lucy drew aside their skirts so as to let them pass without touch.

"You will find it the first door to the right, upstairs," called out Mistress Kent, as Maj. Coovert mounted the flight.

Priscilla marveled at her friend's coolness.

White-faced, but filled with indignation, Lucy Kent stood in the lower hall and saw the last redcoat vanish upstairs.

"This is brutal!" she cried out, laying her hand on Priscilla's sleeve. "This is British courtesy for you, my dear. Listen! They are in my room now, but they won't find Frank Lowry."

In another moment the girls heard a voice from above.

"Will you come up here a moment, Mistress Kent?"

"Come," said Lucy to Priscilla. "Let us see what he wants with me."

They bounded up the broad stairs and appeared at the door of the young lady's bedchamber.

"What is it, sir?"

Maj. Coovert stood before a handsome trunk at which he was pointing.

"Will you open the trunk, Mistress Kent?" he said.

Lucy drew back a step.

"I will not open the trunk," she said, firmly.

"Come! don't give us any unnecessary trouble. We want to be as gentle in this matter as possible."

"The trunk is my own private property. It contains, among other things, my few jewels, my dead mother's letters——"

"Nothing more?" interrupted the spy-catcher.

"Nothing that is not mine."

"And you will not open the trunk?"

"I will not!"

"Then we shall do so."

Before the command to burst open the trunk could be spoken, Mistress Kent placed herself between it and Maj. Coovert.

"You will at least respect a young lady's private correspondence?" she exclaimed. "You are not looking for such, I am sure, Maj. Coovert?"

"I am looking for certain evidence against a certain rebel spy," was the retort. "And it may be hidden in that trunk. I have known trunks to hold exactly the things I wanted."

"When you wanted just what they held, of course."

Maj. Coovert made a swift sign to his men, and two of them seized Lucy and pushed her rather rudely aside, while another raised his musket and struck the trunk a heavy blow with the butt, sending the side inward with a crash.

"Brutes!" cried the young girl, her face now as red as fire. "This is the courtesy of the king's hirelings? You not only make war on the defenseless, but you break open young ladies' trunks in the name of your monarch. This is the age of chivalry, I presume?"

"It is the age of might, if you please," answered the major. "I know my duty and I never shrink from performing it."

He turned the trunk over and began to empty its contents out upon the floor.

A lot of letters came first, then a few trinkets, then a lot of perfumery bottles, and last, a little packet tied with a red cord.

As the packet rolled upon the floor, Priscilla sprang forward and picked it up.

"This is mine, sir!" she exclaimed, looking up at Maj. Coovert.

"Yours?"

"Mine! I am Mistress Kent's guest, and I have placed my letters in her trunk for safe-keeping."

"Then you're rebel, too? Oh, you're the Boston girl? You're Mistress Beverley, are you not?"

"I am Mistress Beverley, and it is a name I am not ashamed of, Maj. Coovert."

Holding the packet behind her, Priscilla retreated a step and looked defiantly into the eyes of the plunderers.

"Mistress Beverley, I must demand the packet you hold in your hand."

"I refuse to give it up!"

Priscilla retreated toward the door, and when a soldier tried to intercept her, she turned away.

"This is the height of treason!" cried the spy-catcher. "By my life! the women give us more trouble than Washington's rabble. You will hand the packet over——"

Priscilla answered with a quick start, and the following moment she had vanished.

"Follow her!" shouted the maddened major. "I'll not be outdone by a rebel chit like that. Your friend, is she, Mistress Kent? The sooner she hands over the packet the sooner you shall be quit of our presence."

But Mistress Kent did not speak, only looked at her treasure scattered over the floor.

"You will quit the house instantly!" she commanded. "In the first place, you were not invited here, and secondly——"

"That's like Chaplain Fonger's sermons!" broke in Maj. Coovert, with a laugh. "We can't wait for the 'thirdly,' my young lady. We want the packet your friend has carried off, and we will not quit the house till we have it."

At this juncture Mistress Beverley returned and stood in the doorway.

Her hands were empty.

"We'll tear the house down but what we find it!" roared Maj. Coovert. "This is the worst bit of defiance I've seen for many a day."

"Then you've not been far from your quarters," retorted Lucy. "You will find house plundering very unpleasant business in New York, if you pursue it long enough."

"I say you're really rebel, aren't you? You've been set down by some as for the king, but you're showing your real feathers at last. We've smoked you out, Mistress Kent!"

A derisive smile showed itself at the corners of Lucy's mouth, and she slipped over to Priscilla and wound one arm about her slender waist.

The two girls formed a pretty picture as they stood there facing the soldiers and their leader, and for a moment Maj. Coovert looked undetermined.

"Mistress Beverley, I will have to send a guard with you for the packet," he said, looking at Priscilla. "We want as little trouble as possible."

"The guard will be useless, sir," was the prompt response. "The packet will not be delivered."

"Then, by the furies! we'll take both of you to headquarters. You may explain under arrest what you keep from us here."

Mistress Kent stepped forward and ran her hand through a lot of articles which had tumbled from the broken trunk.

"We have let you have your way," she said, looking at Maj. Coovert. "Now, sir, you will listen to me. You may not know that we are exempted from all search, that you have no right to touch a single thing in this house. I have let you go so far, but you dare go no further. I have let you break into my private property just to see how far you would go, but you must stop where you are. These things are sacred to me. I will not have them tainted by the touch of a brutal soldier's hand. You, sir, from what I have heard of you, Maj. Coovert, contaminate everything

you touch. Now, sir, you shall not touch another thing under my roof!"

The big soldier laughed, and his eyes glistened with finer fury.

"By my soul! this is defiance personified," he cried. "This is the acme of insolence. Were you a man, Mistress Kent, I would not hesitate——"

"I know you wouldn't; but, sir, after you read that you will understand that I am not defenseless."

Maj. Coovert took the bit of paper which Lucy had drawn from her bosom.

"D——n you!" he cried. "Why didn't you show this before? It makes no difference how Gen. Howe has been deceived, I am obliged to obey this order. Your house, he says, is, and shall always be, exempt from search."

There was a gleam of victory in the eyes of Mistress Lucy Kent.

CHAPTER X.

THE HOUSE OF THE DUEL.

The departure of Maj. Coovert and his men from Mistress Kent's house was a source of joy to the two young ladies.

While they mourned the breaking of the trunk, they laughed over the effect Gen. Howe's order of exemption had had on the spy-catcher and felt that they were rid of him for good.

The letters which Priscilla had saved from the trunk were from Frank Lowry, and they might have compromised her in the eyes of the enemy had they fallen into his power.

As for the spy-catcher, he went from the premises in ill grace, threatening under his breath to get even with the fair rebels who had outwitted him.

Beyond the city held by the foe—up in Westchester—the lines of the two armies stretched away underneath the stars.

But little space intervened.

Washington had drawn his army up in the vicinity of the village of White Plains, and there he waited for the enemy.

The Americans were in the sorriest plight imaginable.

Many had gone home within the last few days; the hospitals were filled with sick, medicines were scarce and general dissatisfaction prevailed.

The situation was enough to cast down the bravest leader.

On the other hand, the British army was in the finest trim.

Its men were sleek and well-fed, its officers confident and its resources limitless.

Flushed with the victory of Long Island, fought a few months previous, where the Americans had lost the flower of their army, the enemy could expect the war to close in a short time and, indeed, Howe believed that the coming battle would witness such a consummation.

After that he could embark for England and lay the trophies of his campaign at the feet of his king.

Cornwallis, Percy, Clinton and, in fact, all the British generals, thought the war about to close in a grand triumph for the king's armies.

But they did not know the pertinacity and the faith of Washington.

They could not look into the heart of that leader of leaders and see the greatness of his being.

Rebel he was to his foes, a rebel against the crown, yet the time was coming when such a soldier as Lord Cornwallis was to tell Washington that he was the greatest soldier of his day.

Truly the month of October, 1776, was dark for the cause of liberty, but the sun was soon to break through the clouds.

Could Capt. Frank have penetrated the distance that lay between him and the American army, his heart would for a moment have sunk within him.

Washington sat alone in his little room at White Plains.

Not even his private aide was with him.

Night had come down over the American lines, and the fatigued, barefooted soldiery were taking needed repose.

A few hundred yards away lay the ranks of Gen. Howe, rioting in good clothes and plenty of rations, and in their camp was heard the sound of merrymaking and sport.

Washington alone in his headquarters was a striking contrast to Howe and his brother officers seated at a table drinking the king's health in wine.

For nearly an hour Washington remained in one position.

At last he seemed to come back to life, for he passed his hand over his brow and turned to some scattered papers before him.

As he proceeded to look over them he was startled by a footfall beyond the door, and then he heard the challenge of the sentry.

The challenge was answered by a voice at which

Washington smiled, and the handsome form of Gen. Greene entered.

The countenance of Washington brightened as the Quaker soldier came forward and took a seat at the end of the little table.

"Has he returned yet?" asked Greene.

"The spy, you mean—Capt. Lowry?"

"Yes."

"He has not reported, but there is time enough for that. The night is not far advanced and he has a good long journey. I am sure he will come, for I have confidence in Capt. Lowry."

"A bright young officer and fearless," remarked Greene. "I am sure you could not have chosen better for this mission. He will be guided by the fate of Hale and will act accordingly."

Washington sighed at the mention of Hale's name, and looked away for a moment.

"Have you been along the lines?" he suddenly asked Greene.

"I have just come in from the southern outposts."

"How is everything there?"

"I found everything in good shape. The men will fight. You can depend on them in the coming battle. But——"

Greene paused.

"I know what you would say, general," said Washington. "You would speak of the desertions."

"Yes, the refusal of the men to remain longer because their enlistments have expired. It is unfortunate."

"I have pleaded with them," said Washington. "I have asked Congress to increase the bounty and guarantee pay. But Congress is dilatory. Ah, if the members could be with us a day and see the true inwardness of the situation, it might be different."

"These men will come back when they have seen their families and provided for them," answered Greene. "They have the good of the country at heart. They want to be free and independent; but, remember, they have been tried as soldiers never have been. Without clothes, without rations, sleeping under the bare sky, out in the rain, sick, wounded——"

Washington raised his hands.

"We must trust our brave fellows," he said. "We must put our trust in the God of battles. He has watched over us when the situation was as dark as now. He gave the fog and the mists that screened us from the British when we fell back from Long Island, and He is with us still. Ah, my dear general, in God we rest our cause, and future generations in a free country will bless us for doing so."

A tear lay on Greene's cheek.

"As you say, general, our men fight. If Howe were to attack us to-night the most discontented would spring to arms and charge home with the bravest."

"That they would! But if I could only hear from my spy. We must wait for Capt. Lowry. Pray God he may not share the fate of the gallant Hale."

Miles to the south the object of Washington's solicitude was listening at the side of a little house set back from a road.

Capt. Lowry had passed out of New York and was in the open country above the city.

The night was clear and starlight, and he had pursued his way with his face turned toward White Plains, eager to report to Washington.

But a glimmer of light in a little house that stood in his path had attracted his attention, and he had crept up to it to hear voices beyond the door.

He was not yet out of danger, for the enemy held the ground he traversed; but he could not resist the temptation to play eavesdropper a few minutes.

The house was old and not very well chinked.

By placing his eye close to the poor weather-boarding, which in places was loose, revealing the logs behind it, he could see that the chamber was occupied by three men.

These men were British officers.

One seemed to hold the rank of general, the others had not yet reached that distinction, and Frank, who looked long at the first-named, concluded from his face that he was a German.

This was shortly confirmed by his speech, which

was broken, and when one of the others called him Gen. Knyphausen, Frank knew that he was the celebrated commander of the Hessians.

It was strange that these three officers were so close to the American lines, for Frank knew that but a few rods separated them from the nearest patriot outpost.

Evidently they had come to the old house for a purpose, and, believing this, Frank resolved to watch and wait.

He saw one of the younger officers take from his pocket a flask, which he handed round.

After whetting their appetites with the liquor in the flask, Gen. Knyphausen turned to one of his companions and said:

"Vy not now, colonel? It bees time for de duel."

"They'll be here presently," was the reply. "You need not think that he will disappoint you, general. He never does such things."

"But he bees slow. Vy, in my own country——"

"They don't do that way in America," broke in the other, as his face assumed a hard expression.

Frank was becoming interested, but the following moment he fell back, but not very far, for a pair of arms encircled his body and he was held as in a vise.

"Caught you listening, did I?" said a voice at his ear. "Why, I thought you were in New York."

"You?"

"Why not? Didn't I help to get you out of Col.

Fuller's hands after you had fallen in behind his drums? Don't you know me, Tom Haverstraw?"

"Oh, you're Jacob!"

"So I am—Jacob Smock of up-country. What's going on in there? By my life! it's old Knyphausen and Col. Preston and—— Ho! here come some others."

Footsteps were now heard on the outside of the house, and Jacob Smock drew back, pulling Frank after him.

The tramp came nearer, and presently four men approached the place and entered.

"It's a duel," said Frank. "Gen. Knyphausen is going to fight some one."

"What! that old turtle fight?" laughed Jacob, the spy. "He fights on the field, I know that, but here in this house—— What's that?"

Master Smock sprang forward and glued his eyes to the crack.

"Come, Master Haverstraw," he cried. "They're going at it sure enough."

Frank did not hold off any longer, but in another moment was beside his Tory friend, and both were looking into the house and upon the scene being enacted there.

A space had been cleared in the middle of the room, the table having been removed, and there stood Gen. Knyphausen and a younger officer with drawn swords.

The others had drawn off a pace and were silent spectators of the situation.

The light from the candles revealed this scene, and Jacob and Frank held their breaths while they watched.

Suddenly one of the officers dropped a silken handkerchief to the floor, and in a flash the two swords met.

It was easily seen from the first that the two men were pretty evenly met.

Gen. Knyphausen had been a famous duelist in Europe and was accounted the victor of half a dozen affairs of honor in which he had slain his man.

But now he had a foe worthy of his steel, which was just what the old soldier wanted.

There were feints, thrusts, mad lunges, the latter principally on the younger soldier's part, for Knyphausen kept his head; but suddenly the Englishman uncovered his breast, and in another instant the point of the German's blade disappeared therein.

There was a wild cry, the dropping of a sword from nerveless fingers, and the young officer sank to the floor in a heap.

The others rushed over to him, but life was already extinct.

The stolid Dutchman coolly wiped his blade and looked but once at his victim.

A hasty consultation was had.

When it concluded, a few boards were taken up in the floor of the room and a grave was made there for

the body of the dead duelist, and in a short time the burial was over.

The two spies outside the house had witnessed all without a word passing between them.

They saw the living file out of the old place, leaving it to the dead.

Jacob held to Frank's hand while the officers walked toward the British camp and vanished.

"He knew just how to kill him," said the young Tory. "Did you notice how he let the young man wear himself out and then, when he was exhausted, he just finished the play? That was brutal. I wonder who he was?"

Frank shook his head.

"We can see in a few minutes. They left everything on the body. We will see about this matter."

Jacob posted round to the door and opened it, and Frank, fearing to remain longer in the young Tory's company, slipped away and ran plump into the clutches of a picket.

He stopped when it was too late. He had fallen into the hands of the enemy!

CHAPTER XI.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Washington's young spy realized in a moment the full import of his accident.

The little post consisted of six soldiers, and they gathered round Frank and threatened him with their bayonets after he was fairly theirs.

"It's no use," thought the youth. "I'm in for it again."

If he had remained with Jacob this would not have happened, but he thought he had gone far enough with the Tory spy and did not care to risk further acquaintance at the present time.

Capt. Frank guessed that the British camp was not far away, and when the picket suggested taking him thither at once, he could do nothing but submit.

In a little while he was standing in the presence of a red-coated colonel, who looked him over and put him through a fire of questions strict enough to try his soul.

Frank gave his name as Tom Haverstraw and stuck to it.

"That will do for a story," said the bluff Briton. "But just now we happen to be on the lookout for a young spy who has been in the city, and I guess we'll send you to the general himself."

"Just as you please, sir," replied Frank, keeping up the bold mien assumed at the beginning of the adventure. "I'm sure I have nothing to fear in an interview with Gen. Howe. You can send me thither just as soon as you wish."

But something about the youth seemed to attract the colonel, who bade all the others leave him, while he crossed his legs and studied Frank attentively for a long time.

They were alone in the officer's quarters, a small, frame house not far from the eastern bank of the Bronx.

"Young sir," said the officer, "I don't want to believe that you are a spy—a rebel spy at that. I have a boy over in England about your age. We call him 'boy,' though he is on the verge of manhood. I wonder what his mother would say if he were in your position and suspected of playing spy?"

"Indeed I don't know, sir."

"It would break his mother's heart. I know that," continued the officer. "And I guess all mothers are alike. Now, young sir, I'm not going to send you over to Howe till morning. In the first place, the general doesn't want to be disturbed, for he is having a good time with the generals, and——"

"As good as Knyphausen had a while ago in the old house across the stream?"

The British colonel started.

"What's that? What's that you're saying about Gen. Knyphausen?"

"You see, he was out to-night in a little affair of his own."

"Where?"

"In the old house almost in a straight line from here, but on the other side of the creek."

"Why, that's on dangerous ground, sir."

"For him, yes," answered Frank. "But he couldn't find any other place to fight, I reckon."

"To fight whom?"

"That I cannot tell you. I only knew that the general settled with an enemy over there."

"Single-handed?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's his way of doing things, I hear. You don't tell me that he fought a duel?"

"He did nothing less, sir."

"You saw it?"

"I did."

"And he came off best?"

"He killed his man, sir."

The British officer looked perplexed, and then turned once more upon Frank.

"What did they do with the body?"

"They took up some boards and buried it under the floor."

"The scoundrels! Could you locate the house?"

"Nothing would be easier."

"Wait."

Col. Darby, of the Forty-third, rose and buckled on his sword.

"We'll go and find the body," said he. "I am going to trust you, boy."

"Just as you please, sir."

"If Gen. Knyphausen fought a duel and killed an officer, as you say, I shall prefer charges against him."

"Do you think Gen. Howe would do anything with him?"

"I can't say. They think here that Gen. Knyphausen is the very Mars of battle, but to me he is nothing but a kraut-eating Dutchman, a boor at the table. Why, sir, this big beer drinker spreads his butter with his thumb and eats with his fingers like a savage. Killed one of the king's officers, did he? We shall see. Come, Master Haverstraw."

The two left the house together, and Frank started toward the scene of the nocturnal duel.

The hope of liberty rose at once in his bosom.

He felt that the tide had turned and that he would give the Briton the slip after the adventure.

They passed the picket post and struck out boldly.

"Don't attempt deception," said Frank's companion, in low but grim tones. "If you do, I will shoot you down like I would a wolf. You see this," and he

showed the youth a pistol which he carried cocked in his hand.

"All right, sir. If I run, let me have it," answered Frank Lowry.

The return to the lone house of the duel did not occupy much time.

Frank cut corners as much as possible, and at last drew up in front of the old structure.

It was lonely enough now, and the spirit of desolation seemed to pervade the vicinity.

"You will find the body under the floor," said Frank, to the soldier. "At any rate, I saw it placed there after the duel."

"We'll settle it in a few seconds," and the officer bolted into the house and produced his tinder box.

Frank held the tow-pan while the other stooped over the boards in the middle of the room.

Prizing one up, he looked and drew back with a startled cry.

"Here he is, sure enough!" he exclaimed, as he looked up at the young spy. "The light, boy."

Frank handed the light, and the colonel held it close to the blanched face under the floor.

"Heavens! it is Capt. Percy, of the King's Own!" he exclaimed.

"I cannot say, sir."

"But I know," cried the officer. "He was one of my best friends. Gen. Knyphausen shall pay for this!"

"Perhaps he won't fight you."

"But he shall, sir. Now, not a word about this. I will challenge him immediately after the fight."

"Why not before?" queried Frank.

"Because Gen. Knyphausen is a good fighter, and Gen. Howe could not spare him in the coming battle."

"When do we fight the rebels?"

"To-morrow, sir. It is all arranged. The orders are all out. To-morrow we fall upon Washington."

These words thrilled Frank Lowry as he had not been thrilled in a long time.

Here was more and definite news for his commander-in-chief.

But how was he to get it to Washington in time to put him on his guard?

"I hope we will whip the rebels," said the young spy. "I wish I could fight somewhere in the ranks to-morrow."

"Why, you don't talk like a rebel spy, my young sir," laughed the colonel.

"Why should I when, with Jacob Smock from Westchester, I witnessed the duel. The burial frightened me, so I ran away from Jacob. If he were here he would vouch for me."

"Well, I can vouch for Jacob, for I know him," said the officer. "But will you help me to bury Capt. Percy?"

"Here?"

"In the garden back of the house. He should not sleep in this place under the house. It is no fit place for a soldier's sepulcher. I knew Ned Percy from boyhood, and to think that he should fall at the hands of this Dutch swashbuckler is too much."

"It is a sad fate," said Frank.

The young spy continued to hold the light while his companion lifted the body of the young captain from the pit, and the next moment he followed it and the colonel from the house.

A secluded place was selected in the garden in the rear of the old place, and a spade was found by dint of search.

The British colonel worked like a veritable grave-digger, and in less than an hour a suitable grave was fashioned, and the colonel, taking off his own military cloak, wrapped the young captain therein and laid him in the grave.

"Now I have to settle with the murderer," said the colonel, through clinched teeth. "I shall do this, as I have said, after the battle. You shall hear of the fight, if you do not see it. I don't think you're a rebel spy, young sir."

"I wish I could produce Jacob Smock."

"He would exonerate you, would he? Well, I'll take your word."

Frank's heart gave a sudden bound for joy.

"We'll go back now," continued the officer. "Silence and a still tongue concerning Capt. Percy's fate."

"I understand, sir."

They walked some distance toward the British line, when both heard the voices of men.

"Can you make it out?" asked the officer, as he caught the youth's sleeve and leaned forward.

"They're coming this way, I think."

"And from toward the rebel camp! That's bad. These audacious rebels have been sending out foraying parties nearly every night since we reached these parts. and they've done us a good deal of damage. But stand aside here."

Seeing that he was closely watched, Frank Lowry obeyed, and saw the officer draw his pistols.

"Take one, sir," he said to Frank. "We will sell our lives as dearly as possible, if they be rebels. Silence now. They're almost here."

It seemed that but a few yards intervened between them and the advancing squad, and suddenly the colonel raised his weapon.

"They're rebels, sure enough," he whispered to Frank. "Be ready, young sir."

Frank raised the pistol to a level with his waist and looked ahead.

Under the stars he could see dark, moving forms and hear the hum of voices.

"If the redcoats catch us they'll give us a tanning,

I'm thinking," he heard one say. "This is ticklish business——"

The next instant the whole little party burst into view.

"Now!" said the colonel.

"If you dare!" and Frank Lowry thrust his pistol into the Briton's face.

"What! You——"

"If you dare, I say! You are my prisoner!"

The hand of the British officer dropped at his side, and he fell back with a stare of astonishment.

"This way, Americans," cried Frank, to the little band of nighthawks. "Here is a British colonel for you."

"Caught by a Yankee brat! yes, a Yankee brat!" roared the tall man in scarlet. "I'll pay you for this treachery, my young rascal."

"Whenever you please, colonel," laughed Frank, as the little squad came up.

"Who have we here?" asked the leader of the forayers. "A British kurnel, by hokey!"

The dialect was broadly Yankee, and Frank knew he had fallen in with the scouts of a Massachusetts regiment.

"I surrender because I haven't a chance to die with honor," exclaimed the prisoner. "This is about the meanest bit of treachery I have ever heard of."

"All's fa'r in war, kurnel," laughed the other. "This

young un hez jes' turned the tables on yer, thet's all. By hokey! you'll not fight us next time."

The colonel was surrounded by his unexpected captors and marched away.

Frank Lowry walked to the head of the line, and in a few words told who he was.

"I must see Washington as soon as possible," he said. "It is very important."

"Then go, and don't forget ter tell 'im how we bagged ther kurnel."

Master Lowry glided away and, once more out of immediate jeopardy, put many rods behind him.

The night crept on toward dawn, and when at last he opened the door of the little house at White Plains, he found Washington still waiting, silent and anxious, at the table.

CHAPTER XII.

A BOLD UNDERTAKING.

The silent noise made by the opening of the door roused the half-drowsing general.

In a moment he was wide awake.

As he saw Frank his eyes brightened, and a smile gathered at the corners of his mouth.

"So you come back to me in safety, Capt. Lowry?" exclaimed Washington. "Thank God for that! I have been very anxious."

Frank advanced, and at the commander-in-chief's command, took a seat opposite.

"Well, what have you accomplished?" asked the general. "What is Howe going to do?"

Thereupon Frank told the story of his adventures, and with it the information he had gathered.

"This is important," cried Washington. "You have more than fulfilled your mission. I thank you in the name of the country. We shall see whether Gen. Howe can carry out his plans of attack. You are in need of rest and refreshment. You can retire to your quarters, but, from the news you have brought, it is doubtful whether you will not be needed soon."

In another moment Washington seemed to be transformed into another being.

As Frank quitted the little house he saw couriers riding in every direction, and knew that the commander-in-chief was taking measures to meet Howe.

The troops were moved in all directions, the generals had been summoned to headquarters for a council of war, and everything indicated a battle.

Washington was on the alert.

As Frank passed through a fortification, he heard his name called, and he turned to look into the face of a youth who was eying him closely.

"Ah, Capt. Lowry!" said this person, as Frank approached. "You do not seem to recognize me."

"You certainly have the best of me," was the reply. "But really, your face——"

"I am Ernest Travers, of the Maryland Line. Are we going to fight to-day?"

"It looks that way. The enemy are active, and I understand that everything points to a speedy engagement."

"The sooner the better. We want something to eat and to wear. Look here," and the young Continental laughed as he raised one foot and exhibited a shoe almost ready to drop from his foot. "If we fight, I promise you to rob some redcoat of his shoes."

The morning was fairly breaking now, and Frank, who had just partaken of some scant rations, found himself summoned to headquarters.

He went at once.

"You say you saw Capt. Benjamin Pierce in the city, sir?" said Washington.

"I did."

"I am told that he went without orders."

"I cannot say as to that."

"Gen. Greene tells me so."

"Yes," put in Greene, who was present. "Without orders. That is desertion."

"Very true, general," said Frank. "But Capt. Pierce is engaged in a laudable expedition—the securing of medicines for our sick."

"If he wins, all well and good; if he fails——"

"It will not be Capt. Benjamin's fault."

"The young man is brave, but just now we need all the men we have right here. He might have asked for leave which, under the circumstances, would not have been granted; but, since he has seen fit to quit camp without orders, he must take the consequences."

"Which I am sure he will be willing to do."

Meantime, down in the city, Capt. Benjamin and Tom Hapgood, whom we left after the escape from old Jonas Toole's place in Mark Parkman's little house, were having adventures of their own.

Shortly after parting company with Frank, the captain of the Boys of Liberty, in company with his companion, stole forth and glided away.

It was their intention to make a thorough inspection of the house in which the medical stores were kept,

and as the night was still on, their movements escaped notice.

Col. Fuller, of the Loyal Foot, was right when he informed Priscilla and Lucy that the American army would give much for a mere fraction of those precious supplies.

They were stored in a building on lower Broadway, which was well guarded, for it was feared that the rebel citizens of New York, knowing the pressing need of the patriots, would attempt to seize the medicines.

The two young patriots looked closely at the house, and studied it in all its complexities.

The expedition seemed doomed to failure, for they could see no way of reaching the stores.

A tall, red-coated sentry paced up and down in front of the old building like a mastiff on guard.

"Let's try the rear," suggested Benjamin. "Perhaps it is not so well watched. We must get some of those medicines, if possible, for they are worth more than gold to our poor fellows."

"If it wasn't so confoundedly public I would serve the sentry like I served the big Hessian," smiled Tom. "But he is on the pavement and——"

"A trifle too conspicuous, Tom?"

"Just a little too much so."

They soon turned up behind the building and found themselves in a back yard well overgrown with weeds.

"Another guard," said Benjamin.

"I see him, but he is not so public as his fellow on the street. Wait!"

Tom dropped to the ground and edged toward the sentry.

Benjamin waited.

"Halt there!" came out of the shadows, where the big guard stood. "Dog or man, I'll bore you through if you don't advance and give the countersign."

From where Tom disappeared came the low bark of a dog.

"Here, Fido, here! here!" called the sentry. "I guess you're a rebel cur after a British bone, as they'll all be before the middle of next week."

Benjamin's heart was in his throat.

Suddenly he heard a half-stifled cry, then a slight struggle just ahead over the weeds, and the next minute Tom Hapgood appeared at his side.

"Come!" whispered the Long Islander. "It's all done."

Capt. Pierce went forward with his companion.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"Just the easiest thing in the world. He took me for a dog, and I let him call me up and then——"

Tom finished by putting his hands to his throat.

"You didn't kill him?"

"Why not? They hanged my father over on the island, and I have a right to attend to a few of them, haven't I?"

Capt. Benjamin looked at the young patriot in amazement.

"The coast is clear now, I guess," continued Tom. "At least, I see no more guards."

The boys approached the house, and Tom, who tried the door, found it locked.

The windows had the shutters drawn, but their jack-knives loosened one of these, and they crept into the house.

It was as dark as a Stygian river there.

"We durst not strike a light," whispered Tom. "But I talked with the surgeon before we came away, and he told me in what sort of packages we would find the needed medicines, if we got in here. We're in, and now our fingers must be our eyes."

To this Benjamin naturally agreed, and the two felt round the room in which they were, making eyes of their nimble fingers.

In less than ten minutes they had fallen upon the precious medicines, and the little packages had been transferred to their pockets.

"Now for the getting out," said Capt. Pierce.

As they turned toward the door they heard a loud cry in the garden, and both stood still.

"They've found the guard," whispered the leader of the Boys of Liberty.

There was no reply.

"You heard me, Tom. They've found the guard, I say."

Benjamin put out his arms and moved them in every direction, but they touched nothing.

What had become of Tom Hapgood he did not know.

"It cannot be that I am deserted," thought Capt. Pierce. "If I am caught in here with the supplies on my person I will hang as sure as two and two are four."

"Come," a hand fell upon his sleeve.

"Is that you, Tom?"

"Yes."

"You can hear them out there yet. In a moment they will be in the house."

"And we must be out of it."

"Yes, if we can find a way."

"The way is clear as yet," was the reply, in the dark. "This way, Capt. Pierce."

They crossed the room, and Tom led his companion into another apartment.

It was as dark as the first.

"The stair is before us. It leads to the upper room, and we can reach the roof perhaps."

It was a hazardous undertaking, but they pushed forward, climbed the stairs and reached the attic.

As yet they heard no noise in the house below.

In another moment the house seemed to ring with voices and the tramping and pushing of men.

"Back! It is the last hope," cried Tom, and he turned again to the stair.

"Where are they!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. "The thieves must be in the house yet. Secure the cellar door! Be quick about it. They must be down there, cooped like rats in the trap. Don't let the thieves escape!"

Taking the cue from Tom Hapgood, Capt. Pierce joined in the hullaballoo, and the next moment they were in a crowd of incensed soldiers on the lower floor.

"Some one strike a light!" cried Tom. "The thieves will get away if you don't. They must be in the cellar, for I heard noises down there. Quick, men! Don't let the rebel thieves get away."

There was a rush toward the cellar door, which led from one of the rooms, and Tom, drawing aside and clutching Benjamin's arm, whispered at his ear:

"Now hold to me. This is the only chance."

Away went the Long Islander, and Benjamin after him.

The back door by which they had entered the house stood open, and they darted out.

Once in the garden, with the turmoil and shouts behind them, they pressed on until they reached the alley beyond.

"Not yet! We are still in the woods," cried Tom. "We must distance these fellows, or it means a rope for our precious necks."

Not until they were half a dozen blocks away, and in a side street, did they pause.

"Out of the trap, and the closest call Tom Hapgood ever had," ejaculated the youth, with a grin. "Why, they had us sure, if they hadn't lost their heads. But it takes a Britisher to lose his head anyway. Now, back to Mark's."

When the two marauders reached the little house from which they had started, they were nearly out of breath.

"What's all that?" asked the little, old fellow, when he saw Tom and Benjamin empty their pockets on his floor.

"Salvation for the American army," was the reply. "This stuff is worth its weight in gold."

Old Mark marveled while Benjamin narrated the adventures of the night, and could scarcely believe the evidence of sight.

"They ought to make you colonels for that bit of work," he exclaimed.

"I'm content with what I've got," answered Tom. "Now, Benjamin, if we can only reach the army before the battle."

"We'll try it, my boy. I don't think Greene will court-martial us when he looks upon the results of our foray."

"Not for a moment and, even if he undertook it, Washigton would stand between."

The finding of the dead sentry in the garden back of the supply house was soon flying over the city, and rumor magnified the act, until it was believed that the storehouse had been attacked openly by some patriots and demolished.

Three companies of redcoats were double-quicked to the scene, and the utmost excitement prevailed.

They did not know that two brave boys had invaded the medical depot and plundered it of the very medicines the patriots needed in their overcrowded hospitals.

Over at Mark's the two youths concealed their trophies on their persons in the smallest space possible, and, as the star dials pointed morningward, slipped from the house and turned their faces toward the theater of coming events.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE TOILS AGAIN.

The battle of White Plains was fought October 28, 1776.

It was a hotly contested affair while it lasted, and the Americans, for the most part, distinguished themselves, but some of the raw troops ran at sight of the British, and came near overwhelming Washington in disastrous defeat.

But for the information brought by Capt. Lowry, the American army would have suffered an overthrow.

Informed of Howe's plans, Washington prepared for the battle, and was enabled to give the enemy a good drubbing on different parts of the field, so that after the fight, he retired behind his fortifications and waited for another attack.

Capt. Pierce and Tom Hapgood reached the patriot camp in time to take part in the battle, and helped to retrieve the fortunes of the day when the Marylanders and Delawares were hard pressed.

After the fight, Howe settled down in front of the American intrenchments, and dilly-dallied, as was his wont.

His general officers wanted to open the ball again,

but the slow-moving commander would not listen to them, and held off till it was too late.

Washington, behind his breastworks, was expecting an attack at any time.

His lines were manned during the whole night, and the men kept at work at the redoubts with but rare intervals of repose, when they were forced to lie down in the cold trenches.

Such was the exposure and hard work on the part of the half-fed and half-clad soldiers, that many officers marveled why Howe did not advance and destroy the army.

Some said that it was the policy of the British general to let well enough alone, and that after a while the patriot force would perish of itself without fighting.

The British looked upon all this misery with undisguised contempt, and spoke mockingly of the "tatterdemalions who have few coats among them but what are out at the elbows," and of "whole regiments in which there is scarce a pair of breeches."

Such was the deplorable situation of the little band of patriots after White Plains, when Washington called Frank Lowry into his presence.

The young captain expected another mission, and was not disappointed.

It was another mission to New York, not this time for the purpose of discovering Gen. Howe's plans, for

that officer was now in the field facing Washington with his scarlet battalions.

There were still patriots in the lower city, men whose lives were devoted to the cause of liberty, and Washington had a secret message for one of these.

"You need not go alone," said the commander-in-chief to Frank. "You can take some one with you, Master Hapgood, for instance. He did some good fighting during the last engagement, and I have confidence in the young Long Islander. He is shrewd and brave and, should you fall into danger, I think you can rely on him to help you out."

Frank was overjoyed to think that he would have company on this second expedition to the city, and the night after the battle he set out with Tom.

This time they agreed that they would not tempt the British pickets, but would keep down the west side of the Bronx, passing near Fort Washington, and slip into the city from that direction.

The person whom they were to see, in order to deliver Washington's message, was a man of note.

He was known as a patriot, but such was his lineage that Gen. Howe had given orders that he should not be molested during British occupancy, and thus he had fared quite well.

The two boys knew the route to the city, and made the most of the hours of darkness.

They knew that Col. Fuller and a part of his new

command, the Loyal Foot, had taken part in the battle of White Plains, where it had suffered considerably from the stubborn resistance of the Boys of Liberty; therefore they did not expect to encounter the handsome colonel.

Neither did Frank look for an encounter with Jacob Smock, the Tory spy, but he was destined to be disappointed.

When they had entered the city under cover of night, they separated, promising to meet at a certain place, and Frank started off to find the friend of Washington.

The house was soon located, and he was seated in the parlor waiting for the patriot's entrance, when the door opened and Priscilla stood before him.

Had a bomb dropped through the ceiling, Frank Lowry could not have been more startled.

"What!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "You here, Priscilla?"

"Why not? When one is suspected, one has to change quarters, you know."

"Yes, yes, but——"

"It is this way," interrupted the fair rebel. "You see the robbery of the medical depot was so successfully performed that the British demand a victim."

"But they have not settled on you?"

"Not altogether, but the rumor is out that the persons who robbed the storehouse were coached by a

young lady, and naturally the finger of suspicion has been pointed at me. Col. Fuller, of the Loyal Foot, with whom Lucy and I conversed shortly before the robbery, and who remembers that we asked about the stores, comes forward and thinks we had a hand in it. Therefore, for the present at least, I have been compelled to change my quarters. It is very nice here, as this house is under protection."

"But Master Seagrave is a patriot."

"I know that. He is friendly with Gen. Howe. Howe comes to the house occasionally and is well treated. I have not as yet met the general. But here comes Master Seagrave."

Priscilla slipped from the room, and a handsome man of sixty, with distinguished mien, entered the parlor.

He looked Frank over from head to foot, and then said:

"Were you in the fight, sir?"

"I was at White Plains."

"Not much of a victory for the king's men, after all, eh?"

"They have nothing to brag on, I think. We held them at bay in many places, and, but for the breaking of some of the regiments, we would have been able to report a great victory. There is no telling, sir, when we will be called upon to fight again, for Gen. Howe has settled down before our intrenchments, and promises to give us another tussle."

"I don't think he will give battle for some time," was the reply. "You know his tactics as well as I do. Now, sir, if we had Clinton to deal with instead of Howe, we might expect a renewal of the battle in a short time. But Howe is a different tactician. Well, what have you brought me?"

Frank delivered the message he had been charged with, and Master Seagrave read it carefully.

"I believe you know the young lady who, for the present, is my guest?" he said, looking up.

"Yes, sir. I am acquainted with Mistress Beverley."

"She is a suspect just now," and a smile wandered to the speaker's lips. "She came hither as my guest, at my solicitation. I opened my doors to her, and I trust she will remain here till all danger is passed."

"That would be an excellent idea," answered Frank. "The enemy will not venture to take her from your house unless——"

"Unless they have the sanction of Gen. Howe. That is right. I happen to be on friendly terms with the general, though we do not see alike during this struggle, and it is hardly possible that he would permit a guest of mine to be taken from beneath my roof without my consent."

"I am glad that Mistress Beverley has found such a safe asylum. She deserves protection——"

"Which she shall have," cried Master Seagrave.

"But what is all that furore in front of the house at this hour?"

Thomas Seagrave went to the window and drew aside the curtain.

A crowd had collected in front of the house, and some men were on the steps.

"This is all out of place," continued the master of the house, as he turned again upon Frank. "They look like a lot of Tories, but I do believe some of them are armed."

He went into the hall and opened the double front doors.

As his tall figure emerged from the house, the Babel of voices ceased for a moment, and the crowd respectively drew back.

"What means all this, friends?" asked Master Seagrave, as he took in the crowd at a glance. "This is a very unseemly hour to make a visit, and besides——"

"We come when we please," was the answer, and a man in uniform mounted the steps. "I am Col. Fuller, of the Loyal Foot, and I come for one of my recruits."

"One of your recruits?" cried Thomas Seagrave. "Bless your life, Col. Fuller, do you think I harbor such a fellow in my house?"

"But, sir, he came hither a short time ago. He enlisted fairly in my battalion, but a big lout named Jacob Smock tore him away from me under dire threat, and I was forced to give him up. He has been seen to

enter the city, seen by one of my men, and moreover, he has been tracked hither."

"That's queer," said Seagrave, simulating surprise. "A recruit of your regiment in my house? I don't quite understand that."

"But he certainly came hither. He's a young fellow about five-three, and good looking. It is said, or suspected at least, that he is also a spy for the rebels, but anyhow I have a right to claim him as a recruit, for he fell in behind the drums."

"But you say that Jacob Smock rescued him?"

"He got him away from me. This Smock, you know, is also a spy, but he is for the king. The young fellow must have deceived Jacob, for the Smocks are loyal, and would not do anything that would lower their self-respect. The young recruit, whose name is Tom Haverstraw, is a likely fellow of, say, seventeen, and would make an excellent soldier for the king. Surely, Master Seagrave, you do not intend to harbor a person like this?"

"I don't harbor anybody against my will," was the reply. "But as to this young man, Haverstraw, there is no one under my roof at present of that name."

Meanwhile Frank Lowry, standing in the parlor just off the hall, heard every word of this conversation.

He looked toward the open door, and did not move.

Presently another door opened, and he caught sight of Priscilla's anxious face.

"They want you?" she whispered, at which Frank nodded. "You had best make your escape at once."

"Not while Master Seagrave is pledging his word——"

"Master Seagrave is talking for time," responded Priscilla. "He is holding them in check at the door while you escape."

"If I thought that——"

"I assure you that it is a fact. Quick, Capt. Frank! In another moment the avenue to freedom may be cut off."

Frank sprang across the thick velvet carpet and reached the door which Priscilla held open.

"This way!" cried the young girl. "We will have you out of this muddle in a jiffy."

Frank was about to glide into the next room, when he heard Thomas Seagrave's voice in the parlor.

"It is too late," he said, laying one hand on Priscilla's arm. "I will not compromise Washington's friend."

He turned back just as Col. Fuller and Seagrave entered the room.

"That is the young fellow!" exclaimed Fuller, catching sight of Frank. "That is Master Haverstraw!"

Frank drew back a step, but said nothing.

"Aren't you the fellow who fell in behind the drums the other night?" continued the colonel.

"You seem to think so."

"I am convinced of it. Wait till I call in Brady."

He turned toward the hall, and hallooed: "Brady!" at the top of his voice.

A tall, gaunt fellow in red slashed into the room.

"Brady?" said Fuller, covering Frank with his finger. "Isn't that the young recruit?"

"That's the lad. I know it. I would know him among a thousand, colonel."

"You see we have him dead to rights," and the commander of the Loyal Foot looked at Seagrave. "There's no possibility of our making a mistake."

"What do you want with him?"

"We want him to take his place in the ranks. Do you think I am recruiting a regiment that falls to pieces and never connects again? That is not the policy of the king's service. Come, Master Haverstraw. We want you and want you badly.

Frank bit his lip, but made no resistance.

Behind his recognition by Col. Fuller probably lay a deeper meaning and a darker fate.

"What do you say," asked Thomas Seagrave, looking at our silent hero.

"I did fall in behind the drums the other night——"

"What did I tell you?" cried Fuller, in triumph. "He cannot deny it, after being recognized by Brady there."

"Then take your man, Col. Fuller."

Behind the door across the room stood Priscilla, with colorless face and clasped hands.

She heard everything.

Frank stepped forward, looked at Seagrave, upon whose face was a look of pity and promise strangely mingled, and Col. Fuller ordered his "recruit" taken care of.

"What is to be done?" cried Priscilla, the moment the door had closed upon the soldiers, and the crowd had started off after the bayonets.

"Done?" cried Thomas Seagrave. "Such is the fortune of war."

"But they may discover that——"

"Not another word, Mistress Beverley," interrupted the patriot. "Walls have ears nowadays. The young man is in the toils and he must take the consequences of—his folly. He should not have fallen in behind the king's drums. They must have tracked him to this house to-night."

With this Thomas Seagrave retired into his library, leaving Priscilla speechless and alone in the great room.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BIT OF PAPER.

A young lady like Priscilla Beverley is certain to be resourceful.

The times called for quick wits and strong, young minds and active bodies.

It was not the hour to halt when work was to be done, for the danger that menaced Capt. Lowry, of Washington's army, was dark with death.

Mistress Priscilla, the moment Thomas Seagrave withdrew, thought rapidly and acted.

Retiring to her little room on the next floor, she arrayed herself in a change of clothing, threw on a shawl and caught up a hood of her own fashioning.

In another moment she was on the street, hastening away, but looking all the time to see if she were followed.

Ten minutes later she ran up the steps of a well-to-do house in another part of the city, and was admitted by a black servant.

"Your mistress?" she said.

"Missus Lucy has not returned," was the reply. "She went out jis' an hour ago an'——"

"Where did she go?"

"I doan' know. She said dat she might not be back any mo' dis night."

"What, not any more to-night?" cried Priscilla.

"Dat's jis' what she say."

Hope for a moment seemed to desert Mistress Priscilla's bosom, but she did not let it take flight entirely.

"Plato," she said, to the black servant, "you are keeping something back from me. You know where your mistress is."

"'Pon dis nigger's soul——"

"Come, come! You know me, Plato. I am Priscilla Beverley, your mistress' friend, and I must see her at once."

"An' you woan' tell?"

"Of course I'll keep the secret."

"Den missus she am gone down de bay."

"There's where the British ships are."

"Dat's true. And Missus Lucy she go down dar to see a young redcoat officer what am shot."

"A friend in red, I suppose?"

"Dat's what. Him sen' word dat he am shot berry bad an' want to see missus afo' he die. Mebbe she not come back fo' some time——"

Priscilla interrupted in her eagerness.

"No more, Plato. Then I must act alone!" she exclaimed. "Good-night."

In another moment she was on the street again.

Frank in the hands of Col. Fuller!

She felt that it was but another short step to the discovery that he was Washington's spy.

She hastened through the streets with the breezes of the coming morning touching her cheeks and cooling them.

The location of Col. Fuller's headquarters was known to her, and she found herself unconsciously walking in that direction.

Reaching the vicinity of the little house where the commander of the Loyal Foot lodged, she paused and fixed her gaze on a window on the second floor.

A sentry paced in front of the building.

She knew that Frank was not there; he had probably been taken to some guardhouse for the present, but she resolved to make an effort in his behalf.

In spite of the rumors which had associated her with the robbery of the medical stores, she advanced boldly upon the guard and was halted.

"I must see Col. Fuller," said she, as the sentry leaned forward and peered into her face.

"But he has retired. You must come to-morrow."

"To-morrow never comes," smiled Priscilla. "It must be now or never."

"It must be important business that brings you here at this hour."

"It is."

The sentry fell back and opened the front door.

Putting his head inside, he called the name of his commander and drew back.

In a moment a window overhead was raised, and the apparition of Col. Fuller appeared.

"What in the name of Satan is the racket now?" demanded the man.

"This young lady wishes to see you, colonel."

"Why can't she wait till daylight?"

"She says she can't wait."

"Then the devil take her for rousing me from my slumbers, but I'll see her. Show her in, guard."

Priscilla was shown into the house to a room to the left of the hall, and left there.

In less than five minutes she heard footsteps on the stairs, and Col. Fuller came in, dressed and carrying a candle in one hand.

"Oh, you, Mistress Beverley?" he cried, falling back when the light had revealed Priscilla's face. "I beg your pardon for my rudeness a while ago. Didn't know it was you. Well, what can I do for my fair friend?"

"I am here on a little mission of mercy," and Priscilla smiled. "A friend of mine has just been arrested for desertion. You say that he recently fell in behind your drums and from that moment became a recruit."

Col. Fuller's face instantly assumed a severe expression.

"Oh, you must refer to Master Haverstraw?" he exclaimed.

"That is the young gentleman."

"Well, you have stated the case correctly," said the loyalist colonel. "This young scamp—pardon me, Mistress Beverley—had the audacity to back out of his bargain after being counted one of the king's recruits. We happened to get wind of his coming to the city to-night—he was seen by accident by one of my men—and we were fortunate enough to nab him. He might have remained out of our clutches, but he chose not to do so, and consequently he is in the toils and fairly under the king's banners. We shall try him by court-martial to-morrow for desertion."

"Not so bad as that, Col. Fuller, I hope?"

"You forget, Mistress Beverley, that this is war. Master Haverstraw knew what he was doing."

"But I am told that he was taken from your quarters by one Jacob Smock, who ought to be held responsible."

"To a certain extent he is. This man Smock is for the king and, in some manner, he became acquainted with Master Haverstraw, whom he took from me. That, however, does not lesson the recruit's desertion. I am very sorry, Mistress Beverley, seeing that you regard him as one of your friends."

"I know Master Haverstraw," Priscilla came near saying "Lowry," "and I assure you, Col. Fuller, that, if

set at liberty, he will not repeat the offense," which was very true.

Col. Fuller looked at the fair girl, and held his candle so that its ruddy light could fall upon her animated face.

"When a fair damsel pleads it is hard to resist," he said. "You must remember, however, that this is real war, and we are not playing. We have just given Washington a drubbing, and in a short time will drive him out of his intrenchments and compel the surrender of his whole army. The rebellion is in a state of collapse, and we shall soon have possession of the whole region from Maine to the Carolinas. This may not be pleasing intelligence to some people, but it is the cold, hard truth. You, I know, are from Boston, which has been from the very first the hotbed of rebellion, but you must acknowledge that we have the upper hand and will soon restore the king's authority in North America. This being the case, Mistress Beverley, would it not be best for you to withdraw your plea for this young deserter and let him serve in the Loyal Foot the remainder of the war?"

"It is not that," quickly answered the fair rebel. "Master Haverstraw may have scruples against serving against the Americans."

"The more reason, then, why we should keep him in our ranks," broke in the loyalist officer. "We should teach these young fellows that they owe service to their

monarch, and there is no better time than now for Master Haverstraw to learn this."

Priscilla did not know how to answer this.

She dared not go too far in her sympathy for Capt. Lowry for fear of arousing suspicion in Col. Fuller's mind.

But she resolved to play the game a little further.

"What if I should stand responsible for his good behavior hereafter?" she asked.

"You as a fair hostage?" laughed the loyalist. "I cannot think of that for a moment. Indeed, Mistress Beverley, there are some things I would like to do to accommodate my fair friends, but when it comes to the good of the king's service I must sink everything in the soldier."

"But," pleaded Priscilla, "should Master Haverstraw acknowledge his guilt so far as quitting your ranks so soon after the alleged enlistment, would you not give him the freedom of the city for at least a few days?"

"The court-martial has been ordered and sits tomorrow. There can be no rescinding of the order."

"Then," said Priscilla, as she backed toward the door, "then, I presume, I can say no more in Master Haverstraw's behalf."

"You have defended him ably, Mistress Beverley, and I regret that I cannot accede to your requests."

"At what hour is the court-martial to convene?"

"At ten sharp."

"Here?"

"In this room."

"Very well. I thought that Col. Fuller would at least listen to me. We do not agree upon the conduct of this war, as you know. I am for liberty, you for the king; but our politics should not interfere in matters of business."

"Well said," smiled Col. Fuller; "but wait a minute, Mistress Beverley. I am called by the guard."

Col. Socrates Fuller stepped from the room a moment, and when he came back he held a paper in his hand.

This he read for the second time in the light of the candle on the table, watched closely by Priscilla, who saw the varying emotions on his countenance.

When he looked up at her he held the paper toward her.

"This puts quite another face on the matter," he said. "While down in my heart I suspected as much, I had no proof, but the proof is here."

Priscilla took the paper which had been folded many times and moved forward to the light.

She felt she was being watched closely while she read and tried to beat back the pallor which must have whitened her face.

The paper shook a little in her hand, and her eyes seemed to start from their sockets as she read as follows:

"To Col. Fuller: The young chap you have caught, called Tom Haverstraw, is more than a deserter from your regiment. He is Washington's spy, and goes by another name, and that is Frank Lowry. I did not know this when I raised the rumpus in your quarters, and got him off the other night. But I know it now. I hope you will deal with him, for he has hoodwinked me, and if you want me for a witness you have only to send to King's Street, No. 29, and ask for me. I guess you know who I am. Jacob Smock."

Priscilla did not have to read this startling communication twice to comprehend its terrible import.

With it in her hand she looked up at Col. Fuller and then handed it back to him.

"That's pretty bad?" said the loyalist.

"It's bad enough if this man Jacob Smock is to be trusted," and a minute later the fair rebel found herself on the sidewalk with her brain in a whirl.

Certainly the sky looked very dark for Washington's young spy, but Priscilla did not despair.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH TOM HAPGOOD TURNS UP.

Capt. Lowry, after his apprehension, was taken under guard to a building in which suspected persons were usually confined.

It was a low structure near the Hudson, and strong enough to hold the most persistent jailbreaker.

He was not thrown in with a lot of other patriots under suspicion, nor was he permitted to share a little room with several officers taken at White Plains, but was placed in a chamber on the upper floor, which was no better than an attic, which ran half the length of the building.

There he had ample time to reflect upon his change of fortune.

During the first hour of his imprisonment he paced the floor of his room in deep thought.

He felt that underneath it all lay more than his mere arrest for refusing to serve in the Loyal Foot, that, in reality, he was suspected of being Washington's spy, and this being the case he had to admit that his future was not very bright.

He could not find fault with Thomas Seagrave for letting Col. Fuller have him.

The patriot could do nothing less, for the colonel

was in a position to enforce his demands, and the patriot did not care to curry disfavor with those in authority in New York.

Frank thought of Tom Hapgood, and wondered when that worthy would learn of his misfortune.

As for the young Long Islander, he was already aware of the arrest, for he had caught sight of the escort which carried Frank from the old patriot's home, and had followed it cautiously until he saw his friend lodged in the old prison.

"Got his neck in the halter on short notice," said Tom to himself. "Seems to me he might have kept out of it, but, then, he didn't expect to tumble into the hands of this Col. Fuller. Now, what am I to do? Shall I go back and report to Gen. Washington, or shall I stay here and see if I can help Capt. Lowry? It would be a shame for me to desert him now that he is in the very shadow of the gallows. I know they would like to find the fellow who finished the sentries, but I don't care about stepping up to the nearest post and tell them that I'm the chap. No, Master Hapgood, your first duty is to keep out of the noose yourself, and the next is to succor your friend Lowry."

Tom strolled along the wharves and cogitated.

The new day would soon break over the city and bay, and, indeed, signs of it were already in the sky.

The young Long Islander reclined upon a lot of old rubbish, and tried to think out the problem.

He was not a person who thought very fast, but he generally got to the gist of the matter in time.

He was suddenly aroused by a heavy step, and looking up he beheld a portly individual a few yards away.

"He looks like a hogshead," said Tom to himself. "I'll bet ten shillings that he would float if he should fall in. And what a hole he would make in the water, to be sure! Never do for him to go to war, they might use him for a breastwork, for he could shelter a regiment. What's he going to do? 'Pon my soul! he is going to take a bath."

Tom was interested in the strange person who was now divesting himself of his outer coat, or doublet, and he watched him with much curiosity.

But instead of dropping into the water, the strange one put on his doublet as if he had suddenly changed his mind and came toward Tom.

He caught sight of the young Long Islander as he came forward, and presently stopped.

"Good-night, sir," he said to Tom.

"Same to you, sir, only it's nearer morning."

The man took a seat on the rubbish and looked queerly into Tom Hapgood's face.

"Well, I'll be blessed if you ain't a funny man," cried the boy. "You wouldn't be half as big as you look if your feathers were plucked."

"Wouldn't I? You see, I'm all clothes," and the speaker threw open half a dozen garments and showed

Tom that he was clad in an abundance of doublets and trousers.

He was a man of forty, with a thin face, which belied the rotund appearance of his body, and Tom drew back and studied him.

"You look like a traveling clothing store," smiled the young Long Islander.

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Ned Redruff, from the island."

"And I'm Timothy Duff, from Harlem. Well, Master Redruff, let's be friends."

He held out his hand, which Tom seized and shook cordially.

"Be you Tory, redcoat or rebel?" queried Master Duff.

"Anything to suit the times and the company."

"Come, that won't do. We ought to be something out and out. I don't believe in being first on one side and then on the other. If you're for the king, say so; if for Washington, don't keep it back. I'm rebel."

Tom looked up and down the wharf before he ventured a reply.

"Then we're friends for sure," he said, dropping his voice almost to a whisper.

"You're real sure of that, eh?"

"Yes."

"How much a rebel?"

"I fought at White Plains."

Master Duff drew off a little and studied Tom closely for a moment.

"That would make you a rebel sure enough. Why didn't you stay up there, then?"

"Wanted to see the city."

"Well, Master Redruff, would you like to go in with me in a little hazard?"

"What sort of hazard?"

"A pretty ticklish sort, I can tell you. I have a friend back yonder who was unlucky enough to fall into the hands of the king's men, and they've cooped him up in the old building which they are using for a prison."

Master Hapgood's heart took a great leap and seemed to land plump in his throat.

"That was unfortunate," he said to Master Duff. "What did your friend do?"

"Oh, he just ran a sergeant of grenadiers through with a knife in a brawl on Bowling Green."

"Then he is in a ticklish place."

"They've tried him, sir. They did that yesterday, and to-morrow they're going to hang him."

"Which is worse than ever."

"And you know, Master Redruff, that no living man can stand it to be hanged."

"So I've heard," said Tom, with a smile.

"Now, Master Redruff, if you want to help a person in need, I'll consider myself that person and ask for your kind assistance. My friend is cooped up in the

old building on the second floor, west end. The upper floor is divided into two apartments. It is used for condemned persons, or for those who are not allowed any intercourse with the other prisoners, such as deserters, spies, and so on. I have found all this out myself. Now, sir, if I don't help my friend out to-night they'll take him out at ten to-morrow and make him dance on air. What do you say?"

Tom held out his hand and the other seized it.

The young Long Islander believed he saw an opportunity to help Capt. Frank, and he was eager to do anything in that direction.

"You see I dressed up in this style to-night so as not to excite wonderment about the prison," continued Master Duff. "When I'm myself I'm as thin as a starved eel, and about as slippery. The plan is this, as I had thought it out: Back of the old house are two guards. They have already become quite familiar with my appearance. I've made it a point, young sir, to supply them with a little brandy, which you know a poor devil of a British soldier never refuses. He'd as soon refuse his pay. I'm provided with the needful, as you can see," and the same moment Master Duff reached into the mysterious depths of his numerous garments and produced two bottles, which he permitted Tom to look at for a moment.

"You surely are fertile in schemes, Master Duff," said the young Long Islander.

The other laughed.

"Come, then!" he exclaimed, springing up. "You need not be seen in the play till later on. With the guards out of the road we can get into the old prison. But the sentries are the obstacles to get rid of first."

"I see that."

"They're looking for me. I told them that I would be back here at a certain hour with the brandy. While I am giving them all they want you can climb the tree which is at the end of the building and lie along the sloping roof. The three windows are barred and sheet-ironed; but they won't stop us long after we've got rid of the guards."

Tom assured the man that he was ready and eager for the venture.

"Now let us make haste," was the reply. "Just you saunter behind me a little ways. They'll gobble the brandy in a jiffy. Why, I wouldn't give you a swallow of it for a crown, Master Redruff, for you'd be asleep in a flash.

"Oh, it's drugged, then?"

"To the king's taste. I did it myself, and I can assure you, Master Redruff, that it is the prettiest bit of drugging you ever saw. Four big spoonsful of laudanum to a bottle, and I didn't stint it, either. Ha! ha! ha!"

By this time Tom and his new-found friend had reached a street which led to the rear of the prison.

The vicinity of the old building was dreary enough, and the only sound they heard was the tramp of the guard in front.

"Now, Master Redruff, if you just had a friend cooped up in the old pile it would be a grand opportunity to get him out," said Master Timothy Duff. "We could make a general delivery, but don't you know they've got a lot of drunken Hessians in there, and I wouldn't have them at large for a commission."

Tom laid his hand on Master Duff's arm.

"I've got a friend in there," he said. "I have a dear friend in the second story of the prison."

"You? Why——"

"Yes; Capt. Frank Lowry, of Washington's army."

"What's he in for?"

"For deserting from Col. Fuller's regiment, but they'll charge him with more than that when they bring him before the court-martial. I came down with him——"

"Then we'll get both of our friends out," put in Master Duff.

"Won't that be grand?"

"It will if we do it. If we fail, it will be a double hanging in presence of a redcoat regiment."

Tom compressed his lips, but said nothing.

In a few moments there was an exchange of greetings between the portly man and the two guards behind the prison.

Tom kept in the background.

Master Duff was quite jolly with the soldiers, and Tom saw them imbibing freely of the drugged brandy, while Duff himself pretended to drink with them.

"That fellow is a caution," thought the young Long Islander. "He keeps his head all the time, and that's the beauty of it."

During his watchfulness Tom waited for the preconcerted signal, and when it came he pulled himself up into the lowest fork of the tree at one end of the old prison.

Crouching there he kept silent with every sense on the alert until he heard a low voice at the foot of the tree.

Looking down he saw a man, not the portly individual he had lately parted with, but a thin person whose face was upturned to him. "They're as dead as kippered mackerel," came up to him in low but triumphant tones. "The drug fixed both. Now, Master Redruff, I'm coming up."

Tom drew himself over upon the roof of the old building so as to let the other come up to him, and in another minute both were crouching there.

"I've shed some of my garments, you see," whispered Master Duff, with a low chuckle. "The feathers have fallen off the bird, and——"

"Hist!"

Tom laid one hand on the other's sleeve.

"What's up?"

"Listen!"

"It's the relief! By George! I hadn't counted upon that. We are lost!"

In an instant every spark of courage seemed to leave Master Duff.

He sank helpless and white-faced upon the clapboards, and Tom placed his hands across his mouth to keep him from betraying them both in the moment of his fear.

"Not a word or sound!" he whispered at Duff's ear. "The slightest noise will betray us. If you betray me I'll leave a dead man on this roof!"

Master Duff understood and remained quiet.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RISKY GAME.

The tread of the relief came nearer.

"Halt!"

The command rang out loud and shrill on the crisp morning air, and thrilled the two listeners on the roof.

The two sentries were soon discovered, much the worse for their indulgence, and loud voices were heard below.

"All is lost," said Tom Hapgood. "We must make our escape."

The occupants of the roof slipped to one corner, and without waiting for another second of time dropped to the ground.

In a moment the hopes of rescuing the two captives vanished, and the soldiers were so absorbed in the condition of the guards that they did not see the retreating figures of Tom and Master Duff as they disappeared.

"Ah! that relief!" sighed the latter, when they found themselves out of harm's way along the wharves. "It was most unfortunate. We shall have to let our friends perish now."

Tom said nothing.

Capt. Frank, within the old prison, had heard the noises on the roof and taken hope.

But when all grew still again and continued so his heart sank within him, and he leaned wearily against the wall.

"I wonder if Tom knows?" he thought. "I would like to know what my companion is doing. He will contrive some way to get word to me if possible——"

At that moment the door was flung open and a British officer, with two privates, came in.

"Oh, you're here," said the former. "We've just dropped in to make sure of it."

Frank comprehended all in a flash.

There had been an attempt at rescue and it had failed.

"Why should I not be here?" asked Frank, looking at the trio. "Did you think I could get out of this nasty old trap?"

"We did not know, sir. You will get out before long," and with this they marched away, leaving the prisoner to his contemplations.

Tom Hapgood bade Timothy Duff good-by as soon as possible, as he did not care to be associated with such a fellow, though his intentions were the best, and disappeared.

He had not given up the idea of rescuing Frank, though he knew the chances were now against him for another day had dawned.

He almost ran into the handsome figure of Col. Fuller as that worthy turned a corner.

"Get out of the way!" cried the leader of the Loyal Foot. "Don't you intend to salute a king's officer, you young curmudgeon?"

Tom straightened and saluted.

"That's more like it," growled the colonel. "Some of you young chaps ought to have manners whipped into you. Come with me, I have some business for you."

Wondering what it could be, Tom followed Col. Fuller, who led the way to a house not far off and entered a small apartment, in which there was a table littered with papers.

"Would you care to carry a message for me?" he asked Tom.

"Certainly not."

"In the first place, what's your name?"

"Ned Redruff, from across the river."

"Tory, eh? But never mind; that doesn't matter."

Col. Fuller thereupon sat down and wrote for a few minutes, after which he sealed the writing with red wax and pushed it across the table.

The young Long Islander glanced at the superscription and started a little, unseen, however, by the soldier.

The folded and sealed letter was addressed to "Mistress Priscilla Beverley, care of Thomas Seagrave, Esq."

"You will deliver this to the young lady," continued

the colonel. "You will find her at the house of Thomas Seagrave, Upper Broadway."

It was just what Tom wanted—to know where to find Priscilla.

As he was concealing the packet underneath his doublet he was startled to see a face reflected in a mirror that hung opposite him in the room.

It was a dark face, and one which he had seen before.

"Come in, Master Smock," said Col. Fuller to the man who had just opened the door. "I will be at leisure in a moment."

Jacob Smock, the Tory spy, glided forward and remained standing at the end of the table.

Tom stepped aside and, putting one foot upon a stool, began to retie his shoe.

He was in no hurry to quit the place, for he wanted to hear all he could of the conversation between Col. Fuller and the spy.

"Well, friend Jacob, and what's the news?"

This was not the first meeting between the two since Jacob had released Frank from service in the Loyal Foot, and they had patched up their differences because Fuller really feared the stout and wiry Tory.

"There's nothing real new. You got my letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had it right. That young fellow is really a spy. He deceived me completely, and I want to pay

him back for it. I thought him the person he assumed to be—Tom Haverstraw, from up-country. But now the mask has been pulled from his face. He is Washington's spy, and no mistake."

"Well, we try him at ten."

Tom started and the shoe latchet nearly dropped from his fingers.

"I'd like to face him first," said Jacob. "I'd like to make sure of him, you know. Could I see him?"

"Yes; I'll give you an order."

Col. Fuller wrote out an order to the officer in charge of the old prison house, telling him to admit the bearer to one Tom Haverstraw, so-called, then in the place.

"That will do. I won't harm the fellow," grinned Jacob. "I only want to tell him what a rogue he is. Washington's spy, eh? Now, isn't that nice?"

Jacob thrust the order in his pocket and started out.

"Who's this?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of Tom.

"Master Redruff, from over the river. He's in my employ just at present."

Jacob looked contemptuously at Tom and turned away.

"Thanks, Master Smock," thought the young Long Islander. "Thanks for nothing but the glance you gave me."

The pair went out together.

"I wonder what Col. Fuller would give for some of Master Haverstraw's letters?" suddenly asked the young Long Islander.

Jacob stopped short.

"What's that?" he cried. "What do you know about Master Haverstraw?"

"More than you think. I know that this same Master Haverstraw has been captured by Col. Fuller and is in prison. I know, too, where he lives when in the city."

"You do? Come, boy, you can't pull the wool over Jacob Smock's eyes with a thread like that."

"If you don't think I'm in earnest, you can just go your way, sir, and I'll go mine."

But Jacob, the spy, had no idea of quitting the scent now that he had struck it.

"I fancy that Col. Fuller would pay right well for any letters belonging to this young spy."

"How much, think you?"

"I can't say as to that?"

"Suppose we go back and ask him?"

"Mercy, no! There's something in it for us if you are not afraid to go cahoots with me. I'm Jacob Smock, from Westchester, and I happen to know something about the value of certain correspondence, if it be genuine. But tell me how you come to know where Haverstraw's letters are?"

"It's just this way," said Tom, glibly. "I have a

relative in the city whom I visit sometimes. Well, the other night I happened to come in upon him, and he put me to bed with a young fellow who was already asleep. I did not know who my bedfellow was, nor did I inquire, for I soon fell asleep myself. In the morning I lay awake, and saw him raising a board in one corner of the little room. It was barely light, but I could see well enough. I saw him hide something under the board and then creep downstairs, thinking me asleep."

"You played possum, did you?"

"That's it exactly. Well, after he was gone I went over to the place and pulled out six letters which I looked at by the window. What do you think I found?"

"I don't know."

"They were little maps of fortifications, and they contained a good many figures which I did not understand. One was addressed to Master Thomas Haverstraw, and was signed 'Greene.'"

"Gen. Greene?"

"I don't really know; but it was signed 'Greene.'"

"The dickens it was!" cried Jacob. "And what did you do with the letters?"

"Put them back where they had been."

"But they may be gone now?"

"Not unless some one took them since last night."

"You don't say!"

"They were there then."

"Did you inform your relative?"

"I did not. He is a queer old fellow, and I thought he would upbraid me for not raising the alarm and keeping Master Haverstraw back."

"Who is this person?"

"He is my Uncle Mark Parkman," and Tom looked at Jacob to see if the name had any effect upon him.

It did not.

"Now, since I hear that this same Tom Haverstraw has been arrested, I thought maybe Col. Fuller would like to have the letters."

"That he would."

"But I won't give them up without pay."

"He'll pay for them. Why can't we go snooks and make a little extra money? I am going to be married ere long, Master Redruff, and my wife will want a dower. I had to throw Lord Cornwallis back into a chair for insultingly referring to her not long ago, and I would like to turn an honest penny in her behalf. If you will let me share the profits I'll agree to help you get something out of Col. Fuller for those letters."

"I don't know you, Master Smock, but you look honest."

"I'm as honest as I look," said Jacob. "Turning a penny in this manner is nothing wrong. We have a right to do so, for we get but little out of these wine-drinking, bombastic officers of King George. I sometimes wish the rebel Washington would give them a se-

vere drubbing and rid the country of the whole set. I am disgusted with their conduct of the war, anyhow, and many a time have I put my neck into a rebel halter without so much as 'Thank you, Jacob,' for my pains."

Tom Hapgood seemed to reflect a moment.

"We might go and take a look at the letters," said he, venturesomely.

"Why not? Just the idea! Is it far from here?"

"Not so very far. You are going to see Master Haverstraw, and you don't seem to be in a hurry."

"I'll stop a little for an honest guinea," exclaimed the ready Jacob. "You and I for it, Master Redruff. If we can't squeeze a few guineas out of Col. Fuller it will be because his purse is empty. Come along. I am itching to see those letters."

Tom Hapgood, who had played his game without a quaver of face or conscience, turned a corner almost afraid to trust himself for a look at his companion.

He was striking out boldly now.

One misstep and misfortune would be his. He was risking his neck for Capt. Lowry.

Jacob, the spy, followed eagerly at his heels.

"How much ought we to ask for the packet?" Tom asked, over his shoulder.

"Enough," grinned Jacob. "Don't be afraid to stick the price up on the redcoats. They've got the money, and it's in English gold at that, and not in worthless

rebel script. I tell you when you see the king's image in bright yellow you may know it's the genuine article."

"It's been so long since I've seen it in yellow that I hardly know what it looks like," smiled Tom.

"Well, we'll make the price big enough. I should say fifty guineas, if not more——"

"Whooppee!" ejaculated the young Long Islander.

"What! do you think the price too high?"

"I never saw that much money in all my life."

"I haven't, either—not at one time. Why, they offer five hundred guineas for the arrest of the persons who stole them medical stores the other night."

Tom turned an innocent face toward Jacob.

"Did some one take the medicines?" he asked.

"Yes; got away with the very stuff Washington's sick soldiers need most, and by this time no doubt it is in the rebel hospitals. It was a bold trick, I tell you, and——"

"Well, here we are at Master Parkman's."

A minute later Tom Hapgood halted at the little door and knocked.

When it was opened he executed a swift sign of silence to the person who met them and led Jacob unsuspectingly into the house.

"This way," said Tom to his companion. "It is upstairs, as I told you. It's the guineas we're after, eh, Master Smock?"

"Fifty and more. You can't find the place any too soon for me, Master Redruff."

Tom soon entered a little room where the light was not very strong.

In one corner was a bed, and near it stood, leaning against the wall, a musket.

"You shall have the honor of finding them, Master Smock," he said to Jacob. "That's the board in the corner. You can easily prize it up with your knife."

The Tory spy dropped upon his knees and, with open jackknife, went to work.

In another moment Tom Hapgood sprang toward the old musket, seizing it with two eager hands, and threw it, stock upward, above his head. Jacob heard the movement, and looked up with a cry, but that moment the weapon crashed against his head and he went down in a heap like a stricken beef.

"I want the order to see Capt. Lowry!" cried Tom.

There was no movement, with the exception of a slight quiver on the part of the man who lay on the floor.

Tom replaced the musket and ran his hand into Jacob's bosom.

When he withdrew it he held the order from Col. Fuller between his fingers.

Then he went downstairs two steps at a time.

"I've finished one British spy, I think," he cried to the man who met him at the bottom of the flight. "You

can bind him in a little while if he is not dead. Look at this, Mark. It is an order to see Capt. Frank, who is in the shadow of death. You are a good penman. You write letters for the young ladies of the neighborhood. Make haste and get out your quill and inkwell. I want you to add to this order the right for Capt. Frank to follow me from the prison. It is a great risk, but it is for life and liberty. Quick! I'll play the game the best I can. Here's the table. Now, there you are. Erase half a line there and add what I've told you. If this does not save Capt. Lowry nothing can."

CHAPTER XVII.

GETTING OUT OF THE SHADOW.

The very boldness of Tom Hapgood's plans seemed to argue well for their success.

He watched Master Parkman eagerly while he added a line to Col. Fuller's order, and did it so neatly that the most cunning could not detect the addition.

"Now!" cried Tom, with the altered paper in his hand, "I will see what this will do. Do you look after Master Jacob upstairs, and see that he does not come to and beat me to the old prison. That would spoil all my plans should he do so. There's a noose at the end of this little game, and I don't care to feel it."

Master Parkman promised to look after the spy upstairs, and Tom glided off on his dangerous mission.

If he failed there would be two prisoners in the hands of the British, and both would soon pay the penalty of their adventure.

Meanwhile, Col. Fuller was rejoicing over the capture of Washington's young spy.

He did not care so much for the loss of a recruit for the Loyal Foot as he did for the glory which would attach to his exploit when Gen. Howe should learn that his prowess had resulted in the capture of one who had followed in the footsteps of Hale.

On the other hand, the doughty commander of the Loyal Foot had written to Mistress Beverley and sent it by Tom Hapgood, saying that he hoped she would not be put out by the arrest of a rebel spy, who was suspected of being one of her acquaintances. He added that it was the fortunes of war, and that the young man—meaning Capt. Frank—should have known better than to have risked himself within the British lines.

Had he dreamed that Master Smock had lost his passport to Frank at the expense of a very sore head, he would not have sat so quietly in his quarters puffing at his pipe and congratulating himself that in a few months at least he would be Gen. Fuller of the king's army.

Visions of many colors danced before his mind as he blew the smoke ceilingward, and the airy castles he built during those few moments were complete with the most gorgeous turrets and flying pennons.

In fact, the beauty of Priscilla had inflamed the brave colonel, and he had said to himself, of course, that when the war closed he would not hesitate to make love in earnest to her, but first he thought he owed his service to the king, and he doubted not that Priscilla would prefer a general to a mere colonel who had recruited a regiment of Tories.

Could he have looked through the smoke and seen Tom Hapgood flitting from street to street in the early

dawn with his order in his pocket the chair would not have held him long.

Tom pursued his way with nimble feet, and soon came in sight of the old prison.

It loomed up grisly and uncouth before him, yet it was not as bad as the infamous prison ships which snuffed out the lives of so many hundreds of brave patriots during the Revolution.

It was dark enough, however, and Tom felt a pang when he thought of those who had marched from its gloom to perish at the hands of the king's men.

He caught sight of two guards pacing up and down in front of the prison.

He knew they were not the ones Master Duff had drugged the previous night, and he did not even give those fellows a thought.

He pressed on until the command to halt rang out loud and clear on the crisp air of the early morning.

Tom stopped at once.

"I want to see Capt. Underwood," said the young Long Islander.

"What for, young sir?"

"I've an order from Col. Fuller."

"You? You an order from Col. Fuller?"

"Why not?" cried Tom. "Do you think I would be standing here if I had none?"

Capt. Underwood, the red-coated jailer, soon made his appearance.

He was a fluffy little man, whose uniform did not fit him very well, and there were dark rings underneath his eyes which were gray and watery.

Tom handed him the paper without a tremor.

"That's a funny order," said the captain. "Why does he want the young rebel out?"

"I can't say, sir. I am to take him to Col. Fuller, I believe."

"You? Without guard?"

"Why not? Do you think I'm going to let a rebel get away? Besides, I'm strong enough to hold any young rascal who wants to serve the greater rebel, Washington."

Capt. Underwood scrutinized the order again and turned to Tom.

"Come this way," he snapped, and Tom was inside the prison.

Within the door was a rude bench, probably for visitors, and the jailer waived Tom to it.

"I'll fetch him down," said the captain.

As Tom looked after the departing figure of the commandant of the prison a door opened almost noiselessly at his right and a man came into the corridor.

A cold chill shot through the young rebel's vitals.

"Ho!" said this person, stopping at once and looking down at Tom. "What have they got you in here for?"

Tom essayed to laugh.

He knew the man for one of his late Tory neighbors on Long Island, and the last man he cared to meet in that place.

"I didn't know you were here, Master Dan," said Tom, ignoring the man's question. "I'm not like I used to be."

"What! seen the error of your ways, eh?" cried the Tory. "They whipped it into you, did they?"

"One must turn when he sees that he is wrong; that is, if he has any conscience at all."

"Certainly. I came here two months ago. I look after the feeding of the rebel beasts we keep in this show. We've got some nice fellows here just now, Master Hapgood."

Tom started at the sound of his own name.

"I'm glad to hear it."

"But what are you doing here, anyhow?"

"I am serving Col. Fuller. I came right from his place with an order for the person of one of the prisoners."

"What! he doesn't expect you to escort the prisoner through the streets of the city to him?" exclaimed the man, with a look of amazement.

"I guess I'm equal to the occasion."

"Not if he's a dangerous prisoner."

"He's overhead, and the captain has gone after him."

"Which one—the young un?"

"He is called Tom Haverstraw."

"Oh!" cried the man. "He's not a dangerous fellow. You can handle him. I thought maybe it was the other —the fellow who was taken for sticking a knife into one of our grenadiers. That man you couldn't take half a square before he'd have you by the throat and be off."

Tom longed for Capt. Underwood to come back.

The man leaned against the dingy wall and folded his arms.

"I don't see what Col. Fuller wants with that man," he remarked. "Whenever anyone is to be questioned they do it right here in the prison. It looks irregular, this sort of thing does, but, of course, we can't well question Col. Fuller's actions. He runs things here, and we're only his subordinates."

"I don't know anything, only what he told me."

"Of course not. But, by Jove! if I were the captain I'd hesitate a little——"

"You don't think I'm wrong, Dan?"

"Certainly not. But Col. Fuller sometimes tarries too long at the wine, and——"

"He seemed perfectly sober when he gave me the order."

"Well, I suppose it's all right. There was an effort last night to rescue some one in the prison."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; we found two of our guards drugged—the

relief found them—but that seemed to be all. When the fellows came to, and one nearly died, they said that a portly fellow with whom they had become acquainted, had given them a little wine, and that they knew nothing immediately afterward."

"It seems a clear case, eh?" observed Tom Hapgood.

"Clear? As clear as water!"

"What did they do with the guards?"

"Oh, they'll catch it as soon as their cases can be reached."

"They won't be shot, will they?"

"It'll be a miracle if they escape the muskets; but here comes the captain!"

Heavy footsteps were heard on the stair, and presently the door was opened and Tom caught his first glimpse of Frank.

A swift and meanful look passed between the two youths.

"Is this the man?" asked Capt. Underwood.

"I don't know. If he is Tom Haverstraw, he is the person I am to take to Col. Fuller. I never saw him before."

This was spoken with the coolness of one accustomed to such desperate undertakings.

"This is the prisoner Haverstraw," said the commandant of the prison.

Tom rose and placed himself beside Frank.

"Where's the order, captain?" asked Dan.

"Here, sir."

The tall Long Islander took the paper and leaned toward the light.

Tom did not appear to watch him closely, but, nevertheless, he did not let one of his movements escape him.

To be detected now meant the failure of the whole scheme.

"Well?" said the captain, when Dan handed the paper back.

"It looks genuine. It's the colonel's scratch, that's certain; but I think I would send a guard with this young man."

"But I have none whom I can spare. The relief has just passed, and I have no extra man."

"That is true."

"Oh, Col. Fuller has confidence in the person he has sent thither, and we have no right to question his act."

"Just as you think about that; but you know these rebels are tricky, and——"

At that moment there was a call for Capt. Underwood, and he turned away.

"You will see to it, sir," he said, in parting, to Tom, "that the prisoner is given no privileges on the way. You are armed, of course?"

Tom in reply raised the flap of his doublet, displaying the butt of a pistol.

"It's all right, Dan. The prisoner will reach the

colonel. Now, sir," to Tom again, "if he attempts to get away you will not hesitate to shoot him dead."

"He won't get ten steps away before I make an angel of him. Come, sir," he said, sharply, to Frank. "They ought to hang such as you, and they probably will. We can't deal too harshly with people who rebel against their king. This way."

Tom turned and Dan held the door open.

As the boys stepped out upon the narrow pavement in front of the dreary old prison, Capt. Underwood cried:

"My compliments to Col. Fuller—don't forget them."

"I'll deliver them the first thing," called back Tom Hapgood.

"And don't forget to shoot if required," sang out Dan, the Tory servant.

"Never, sir!" and with this the boys marched away.

Not a word fell from the lips of either until they were half a dozen squares from the place.

Frank was the first to speak.

"In Heaven's name, how did you do this? You had an order from Col. Fuller?"

"Yes."

"How did you get hold of it?"

"It's a long story, Frank; but I had to knock your old friend, Jacob Smock, in the head to get possession of the paper. We'll talk about that later."

"Well, it's a bold play, but it succeeds."

"Perhaps. I am also the bearer of another message."

"To whom?"

"To Mistress Beverley from Col. Fuller."

Capt. Lowry flushed.

"What's its purport?"

"I do not know, as I shall deliver it with the seal unbroken. We'll turn down this street. No, I guess we won't, for here comes the King's Own."

The boys stopped for a moment on the corner and waited for the redcoat ranks that came forward with military tread.

"Those are some of the fellows we poured it into at White Plains," whispered Frank. "Ah, Tom! what marks they were for our muskets!"

It was a grand sight, for the regiment was composed of stalwart fellows, and they looked strong enough to uphold any cause under the sun.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KING LOSES A COLONEL.

About the time of Capt. Lowry's unexpected deliverance Col. Fuller had a visitor.

This was no less a personage than the commander-in-chief of the British army, Lord Howe.

He had come down to New York from above, and having some official business with the commander of the Loyal Foot, had made an extra early call.

"I was told soon after entering the city that you have in your hands a young person who is suspected of being a rebel spy," said Gen. Howe. "Capt. Dangerfields, of the fusileers, informed me. Is this true, colonel?"

"I have arrested a young person who fell in behind my drums a few nights since, and have him in prison. As to his being also a rebel spy, I have the word of Jacob Smock for that."

"Jacob Smock, of Westchester, a man whom I know quite well," answered Howe. "He is reliable, and if he says your fellow is a spy, you should inquire into this matter at once. We found Washington better prepared to meet us at White Plains than we anticipated. It looks as if he had received certain information which only a spy could obtain here in the city."

"These fellows are numerous and dangerous," re-

marked Col. Fuller. "I have just sent Jacob to the prison for a look at the suspected party, and when he returns——"

The door opened and a soldier stood there.

"A message from Capt. Underwood," said he, extending a folded paper.

Col. Fuller took the message and proceeded to break the seal.

In an instant his face whitened.

"What is it?" asked Gen. Howe.

"The rascal has escaped."

He threw the paper upon the table with a furious oath.

"How could he escape?" asked the general. "You say you sent Jacob to identify him. If that be true——"

"But something has happened. I don't understand it."

Howe leaned forward and picked up the writing.

Col. Fuller bit his lip as the general read as follows:

"To Col. Fuller: I turned the prisoner Haverstraw over to your messenger, and they have left the prison. My servant, Dan, is suspicious, but the order was certainly in your handwriting. Underwood."

Gen. Howe looked up, and for a moment studied the face of the man on the other side of the table.

"You did not tell Jacob to take the prisoner away, did you?" he asked.

"Heavens, no! That was the last thing I would have thought of. Something has happened. Jacob Smock has either turned traitor or some accident has befallen him."

"Let us hope the latter, for Smock has served us well in the past."

Col. Fuller sprang up and struck the table as he called for the guard.

"Where is the messenger?" he roared.

"Out on the sidewalk."

"Call him in."

In another moment the soldier saluted the two officers and stood at attention.

"What has happened at the prison?" asked Fuller. "Who took the fellow, Haverstraw, away?"

The guard shook his head.

"You don't know, eh?"

"No, colonel."

"Was there any excitement there when you left?"

"None at all."

The two officers looked puzzled.

"Something is wrong," said Gen. Howe. "Some trick has been played on you, colonel."

"I'll stretch the neck of the trickster!" cried the commander of the Loyal Foot. "If Jacob Smock is a traitor I won't show him any mercy, no matter what he has done for the king in the past."

"Don't look at that if you find him deceptive; but I can hardly believe him guilty of letting a spy loose."

"I'll send for the order. The prisoner would not be set free without an order signed by me. Capt. Underwood says the order looked genuine, but, general, there are some uncommon smart rebels about."

"Plenty of them, sir. And if it turns out that the fellow you had shut up is a spy, then I know who informed Washington of my plans. Don't delay. Search this matter thoroughly."

Howe rose to depart when another soldier opened the door.

It was Capt. Underwood himself.

"Just the man, captain!" cried Col. Fuller. "What's all this?"

"I thought I would come in person and explain. It looks more and more suspicious. The boy who came with your order——"

"Boy?" interrupted Col. Fuller. "I sent a man—Jacob Smock, our spy."

"Well, sir, a boy brought the order. He was as cool as a cucumber, and Dan knew him."

"Go on."

"Here's the order," and Capt. Underwood threw the fatal paper on the table.

Col. Fuller picked it up and read it in silence.

"I never wrote 'deliver the prisoner over to the bearer,'" he cried, looking up. "Here is where they

tricked us. It is a good piece of work, and I would like to have the person who did it."

Gen. Howe took the order and studied it a few minutes.

"What!" said Underwood, "hasn't the prisoner reached you yet?"

"No; he has been liberated by this doctored order."

"Then Dan's suspicions were right."

"Now, doesn't that beat the old Harry? After capturing the young rascal at Master Seagrave's he is taken from me right under my nose. But what's become of Jacob Smock? That's what puzzles me?"

"Yes, I cannot see," said Howe, "how a boy, as you say the messenger was, could overcome your man and get possession of the order."

"It mystifies me as well," was the answer.

"How did the young liberator fall in with Jacob?"

"Oh, he was here when Jacob started on his errand with the order."

"Here?"

"Yes, sir. I picked him up on the street and brought him in here to send him on an erand, as I frequently pick up messengers. A thought that he was a rebel never entered my head."

"It's dangerous to take messengers from the street," rebukingly said Gen. Howe. "You don't know when you're intrusting business to a rebel."

"Curse it all! I see that now; but I'll get even."

"After the bird has flown. You seem to have a faculty of locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen, Col. Fuller."

"I own it was all my fault; but the young rascals are still in the city. I will lay hands on them."

"But don't hang them without my authority. I want to see the boy who can play as clever a trick as that."

"Clever? I call it a dastardly one!" flashed Col. Fuller. "I never heard of its equal for downright coolness. How did the young chap play the game, Underwood?"

"No one could have played the part better. He never batted an eye when we had him under fire."

"That stumps me. Wait!"

Col. Fuller dashed from the room, and Howe and Underwood heard him issuing commands hot and furious.

"It will teach him a lesson," said the commanding general, with a smile. "I don't blame you, Capt. Underwood, for the order looks genuine, but if you could have held the young rebel under some excuse till you could have inquired it would have been well."

"We tried to do so, but he slipped off with the prisoner."

The following moment Col. Fuller came back, red-faced and in a passion.

"Worse and more of it!" he cried.

"What's up now?" quietly asked Howe.

"Why, sir, some of our soldiers have been clubbed downtown."

"In a drunken brawl, no doubt."

"Perhaps; but——"

"If so, they must take such things as they come. You look after the escaped prisoner and his liberator. I'll take care of the others."

Gen. Howe rose and had reached the door when Fuller struck the table with his fist.

He did not like rebukes.

"You can have my resignation," he cried. "I don't care to serve under a cloud."

The commander of the British army turned and quietly looked into the passion-seamed face before him.

"I am free to say, Col. Fuller, that you should have been more careful. It looks to me as if a little common sense would have avoided this deliverance. Jacob Smock could have identified the young prisoner at the trial——"

"I throw up my commission. It is at your service."

"The resignation is accepted," replied Gen. Howe. "You will turn over the Loyal Foot to Major Jeffrys."

In another moment Howe was gone, and Fuller and Underwood stood face to face.

"Curse it all!" cried the former. "You see what a pickle you got me into. Why didn't you refuse to accept the order when you saw it was carried by a boy?"

"What right had I to refuse? You are my superior officer. I am accountable to you, sir."

"But you didn't read the order?"

"I did. I read it carefully. If it is a forgery it is the cleverest bit of business I ever saw. The boy didn't do it, sir."

"Of course not. He had help. Did the girl do it?"

"The girl?"

"Yes; she's rebel to the core, and ready for anything that will injure our cause."

"But first it was important to get the order from Jacob Smock. He must have been drugged and robbed."

"I don't know. I can't say." Col. Fuller picked up the order. "I'll face her with it. She knows the prisoner if he was really Washington's spy."

"But you won't insult a lady?"

"Won't I? Oh, no. But, confound you, Underwood, it's all your fault!"

The face of the keeper of the prison flamed scarlet.

"Don't tell me that, sir," he hissed, advancing upon Col. Fuller. "I am not guilty. You wrote the order, and I didn't forge it. Now you must not blame me for your acts. When a man intrusts an order to a boy——"

"I did not."

"But a boy brought it to me."

"He wasn't my messenger. He got possession of

that order somehow, and had it changed so as to liberate the prisoner. And you, like a ninny, let the game be played."

By this time nothing but the table separated the two soldiers, and in a flash the pudgy figure of Capt. Underwood went across it like a bag of potatoes, and Col. Fuller, struck full in the face with a great fist, fell against the opposite wall.

"There! Whenever you want more satisfaction you know where to find Underwood of the Royal Greens!" cried the little captain, as he surveyed his work. "Gen. Howe would probably have kicked you out of the service if you hadn't had the good sense to resign. Good-morning, sir."

The door swung open and the figure of Capt. Underwood went down the steps.

Col. Fuller gathered himself up and went over to a basin, where he washed the blood from his face, after which he called an aide and bade him gather up his effects in the office.

"I'm out of the service, Peter," he said to the wondering man.

"Sir?"

"I've resigned."

"But the blood on your coat there——"

"I accidentally fell over a chair—tripped over a bit of carpet, you know. Don't mention it, Peter."

A smile gathered at the corners of the aide's mouth,

and he proceeded to take up the papers and tie them into bundles.

Col. Fuller went over to the window and looked out.

"Now for the little chit whom I believe to be the cause of it all," he said to himself through set teeth. "I wouldn't put it past her. I wonder if that boy delivered the note to her? Well, no matter. I'll not go to Mistress Carter's ball, for, from the way my face looks, I'd not be presentable. Curse Underwood! Challenge him? Why, never! He would choose pistols, and he can shoot like a savage. What a puddin'-head you've been, anyhow, Socrates Fuller. It's good-by to the pomp and circumstance of war forever. Why did I ever come to this heathen country?"

"I don't know, your excellency."

"Did you speak, Peter?" cried Col. Fuller, turning quickly.

"No, sir," said the aide, as he proceeded with the matter in hand, and the ex-commander of the Loyal Foot smiled in spite of himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISTRESS PRISCILLA AND THE COLONEL.

The day was waxing toward noon when Col. Fuller, not in the best of humor, presented himself at the house of Thomas Seagrave on Upper Broadway, and was admitted.

He had discarded his uniform, as he was no longer in his majesty's service.

When he found himself in the large parlor he twisted a little nervously in his chair while he waited for Priscilla to make her appearance.

Presently he heard a rustle of skirts on the stair, the door opened and the fair rebel entered.

She started a little upon seeing her visitor in plain clothes, and held out her hand.

"It was a right-down pretty trick, and well played at that," began Col. Fuller, eager to have it out with the young lady.

Priscilla smiled.

"Pardon me if I have to inquire into your meaning," said she. "You mystify me, Col. Fuller."

"I can hardly see how I could be plainer," was the reply. "I say the little forgery was exceedingly well done."

"The—forgery?"

"Yes, Mistress Beverley. It accomplished its purpose, at any rate."

"You must refer——"

"To the trick that got young Capt. Lowry out of prison."

Priscilla tossed her head a little and looked squarely into the flushed face before her.

"You should have watched him better," she exclaimed. "I trust you do not come hither to accuse me of having a hand in the deliverance?"

"Why not? It was your work—the little forgery. Come, Mistress Beverley, you might as well confess. It has cost the king a colonel, and goodness knows what else."

"But——"

"Equivocation is out of the question!" cried the colonel, who was determined not to let the fair girl defend herself. "I did not know you were such an adept with the quill."

"I write very well for one of my education."

"Of course you do! A regular penman would not have done better. The brat of a boy, after plundering Jacob Smock, brought the paper to you and you changed it in such a manner as to deceive Capt. Underwood of the prison, and the rebel spy got free. It was a despicable bit of business, quite unworthy a young lady, no matter what her sentiments are in regard to the war."

Priscilla's face assumed a crimson.

"Such language is unworthy the speaker while he holds a position in the king's army, and——"

"But I am no longer in the king's army!" broke in Col. Fuller. "I have thrown up my commission, and my ambition has been killed by this act of yours."

"Of mine? You have no proof, and I must say that I am totally ignorant of the purport of your words."

"You did not forge the addition to my order for Jacob Smock to visit the prisoner Lowry?"

"I did not!"

"You did not connive with Ned Redruff, who is supposed to be one Tom Hapgood, of Long Island, for the deliverance of the prisoner?"

"I did nothing of the kind."

"But you rejoice over the escape?"

"As a patriot—yes."

"And over my humiliation?"

"I do not take that into consideration," tartly replied Priscilla. "First of all, I am for my country. If you had a friend of mine in your hands and in the shadow of death I am pleased that he has effected his escape."

"I thought so. The time must come when the last rebel in this city is forever exiled!"

"That will be an everlasting job for Gen. Howe, or whoever undertakes it."

"It shall be done! We are daily beset by these rebels.

Why, one supposed to be this same Lowry informed Gen. Washington of the plans of our generals, and enabled him to meet them at White Plains, and break in a measure the tide of defeat. It is perfectly scandalous, and these people must be suppressed."

"You employ spies, Col. Fuller. Not only that, but you hire men to worm themselves into the confidence of ladies who are supposed to know something about the plans of the provincials, and they report almost daily to your officers. Gen. Howe should be the last person to complain of spies."

Nothing abashed at this strong language, Col. Fuller replied with spirit:

"You might do me a favor, Mistress Beverley, if you would, for I believe that you have manifested real friendship for me. I do not ask you to tell where I might find this young spy, but you certainly know——"

"There!" cried Priscilla, holding up her hand. "The rest need not be said. I am not to be bribed. As I have already said, I am first and always for my country, and if I knew anything about the hiding place of any person wanted by Gen. Howe, because that person is a patriot, I would not betray him."

"Not to reinstate me in the confidence of my general?"

"Not even for that!"

"Then, you are, indeed, rebel to the core."

"Why should I not be? Col. Fuller, you must re-

member that there is born in everyone the love of liberty and a hatred of oppression. We, as Americans, have suffered under the king of England until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. We have asked for our rights in vain. We have been humiliated in every conceivable manner, taxed without representation and forced to insults that would long ago have roused the most patient. The war was brought about by the unjust course of your royal government. We stood the oppression as long as possible, and now, when we try to throw off the yoke of kingly rule, we become rebels fit only to grace the gallows tree."

"By my life! you argue like an advocate!" cried Col. Fuller, as Priscilla paused. "You certainly put up the best argument I have ever heard for the rebel cause."

"I spoke from a sense of justice," was the reply. "We do not intend to bow to the king any longer, and that is why men walk barefooted and ragged under the banners of Washington, and charge the be-laced soldiery of England. Come, Col. Fuller, you, Briton though you are, must admit that there is some justness in our cause."

"To hear you talk, Mistress Beverley, we are certainly on the wrong side."

"From our standpoint, yes!" cried Priscilla. "Does not your Gen. Cornwallis think that it is wrong to subdue the colonies?"

"I have heard that he does."

"He told Master Seagrave so with his own tongue. Yet he is fighting us with all his might. He is a soldier of his king, and I do not blame him; but there are others who are more culpable. We have in our midst people who were born here, but who are greater enemies to liberty in North America than the red-coated soldiers of the king."

"The Tories?"

"Yes, the Tories; who are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the king's soldiers."

"A truce to all this!" cried Col. Fuller. "Since I have thrown up my commission in the service, disgraced in the eyes of my general, I must confess that it will not be convenient for me to attend Mistress Carter's ball to-night."

"I was about to send you word that I cannot go," said Priscilla. "I am about to leave the city."

"What! going to leave us?" cried the colonel.

"Yes. I have accepted an invitation to pay a visit to a friend of mine who resides in the vicinity of Trenton, and since I gave the promise months ago I have delayed keeping it."

At this juncture the door opened softly and Thomas Seagrave looked in.

Seeing Col. Fuller he was about to withdraw, when that worthy called out:

"Come right in, Master Seagrave. I was about to go."

The master of the house entered, but kept his hand on the knob, holding the door slightly ajar.

"What is all this talk about the escape of a spy?" he asked, looking at Col. Fuller.

"The very subject we have just discussed. The spy has escaped, and I have resigned."

"You, sir? I thought you would be the last man to do that."

"When one is disgraced in the eyes of the army there is nothing left for him——"

"But to die like a soldier on the field of battle?" put in the master. "Wouldn't they permit you to do that, Col. Fuller?"

"I did not ask that privilege. I am out of the service," and he looked toward Priscilla. "I am constrained to lay a part of my misfortune at that young lady's door."

"Which implication is false," was the quick response. "I do not deny that I would have rescued Capt. Lowry if I could. I would have rescued him, Col. Fuller, even at the sacrifice of your military ambition, for nothing stands between me and my love of country."

Col. Fuller's face grew red again. His ire was rising.

"Then!" cried he, as he struck the center table with his clinched hand, "then, let me say, Mistress Rebel, that this young spy shall be apprehended, and end his life at the end of a rope!"

"If you can catch him. It seems to me that if his hunters are all so easily outtricked as you seem to have been it will be a long time before your threat is carried into execution."

"Not so long as you think. We have now men on his track. He cannot escape the king's men. He will be in our hands again before dark, and then——"

"Then you will not let a boy liberate him again?"

"A boy? A brat, you mean! Ah, sir," he looked at Thomas Seagrave, "I must tell you, Master Seagrave, that you are harboring dangerous people in your house."

"No doubt of it," and Priscilla laughed. "I am quite dangerous when a British soldier would wreak revenge upon a petticoat."

Col. Fuller rose and strode toward the door.

His face had a darker flush and his hands twitched.

"By heavens! I will see that you are rendered harmless hereafter!" he hissed. "I will see that you are deprived of the power of helping in the escape of rebel spies!"

"Just as you please, sir."

"Should you attend the ball you may not find the place very congenial."

"Did I not tell you that I cannot go? You will not see me there should you attend in hopes of finding your young spy dancing with Mistress Carter. No, Col. Fuller, I am not afraid of the threats of a king's

officer, especially of one who resigns simply because a spy had gained his liberty."

The irate colonel flung the door wide and stepped into the hall.

"We may never meet again," he said, looking at Priscilla, who stood in the middle of the room, the picture of statuesque beauty. "This may be our last interview. But you shall see ere long the last vestige of rebellion crushed out in North America, and the rabble of Washington surrendering on its last field. The war is near its end. We have but to close in on the homespuns near White Plains, and the banner sanctioned by your congress will no longer kiss and insult the breezes of heaven!"

"By my soul, Col. Fuller, you should take the stage!" exclaimed Priscilla. "You are fitted for the playhouse more than for the army, and I will give you a recommendation if you——"

"To perdition with you and your cause!" cut in the maddened officer. "Good-morning, both of you. I trust we may never meet again, if at all, until the king has the rebels under his feet."

"We may expect the millennium before that event takes place. Good-morning, Col. Fuller. A happy future and a long life after the triumph of Washington."

There was no reply.

The maddened Briton bowed himself out, and

Thomas Seagrave and his fair guest heard him for a moment on the steps.

"A little worked up, Mistress Priscilla," smiled the old patriot, as he turned toward the fair rebel. "If it be true that our friend, Capt. Lowry, has escaped from their clutches for the second time, let us thank fortune."

"I trust it is true, and if so, we shall shortly hear from him. He will not keep us long in the dark. Col. Fuller accused me of altering an order which released his captive, but I am guiltless. Some other hand than mine did that for the cause."

Down the street stormed the man who had just let himself out of the Seagrave house.

He was in a passion that did not abate.

"I'll catch him if I have to search every nook and cranny of this city!" he cried. "I'll find this young rebel and his liberator; and when found they shall be triply guarded and watched from the moment of their capture to the hour of their execution!"

From that moment Capt. Frank and Long Island Tom were the hunted quarry, for the whole network of British power was thrown out to enmesh them.

A few squares from the house he had just left Col. Fuller was halted by a man whose head was bandaged, and whose eyes, bloodshot and savage, caused him to draw back with a cry.

"Don't you know me?" cried this individual. "I'm Jacob!"

"Come back to life?" exclaimed Col. Fuller. "What became of you after you left the office?"

"I'll be hanged if I can get my memory to work in good order. I went away with that young scapegrace, and he told me a story about some papers the spy had hidden under a floor. Fool-like, I followed him and lost the order."

"I know you lost it, for the spy is at large."

"I got a blow on the head hard enough to have killed an ox; but thanks to the Smock skull, I am still in the land of the living. But how did they get him out on that order?"

"Added a line to it, that's all. Who did it?"

"A man called Mark Parkman, I'm thinking, for there's where I found myself when I came back to life."

"Very well; then we'll begin on Master Parkman."

"No, you won't, unless he gets well, for I've attended to him already," and Jacob, the spy, laughed with all the brutality of a Turk.

CHAPTER XX.

UNDER FREEDOM'S FLAG.

Capt. Frank Lowry and his friend, Tom Hapgood, lost no time in getting beyond the doors of the old prison after the deliverance.

The ruse of the young Long Islander had been so successful that the two boys could not help laughing over it, and when they found themselves in a safe part of the city they again congratulated themselves.

They knew that all the dogs of the trail would be put upon their track; that Col. Fuller and his minions would leave no stone unturned to recapture Frank and also to get Tom into their hands.

"I thought for a time, when Dan recognized me in the old place," said Tom, "that my hour had come. I saw at once that he knew me, for we were neighbors over on the island, and when he came in so quietly it behooved me to keep a cool head."

"But you got off remarkably well," answered Frank. "Now, as soon as we can inform Priscilla of my escape, we will make tracks for Washington's army."

But, as they had chosen a quiet and secluded place for their retreat, they concluded to wait till nightfall before carrying out the last plan.

The night came, and long before it fell they had ample evidence that the king's men were alert.

Soldiers could be seen from their place of concealment scrutinizing the houses, and patrols were stationed in different parts of the city for their apprehension.

"I would like to know how Jacob Smock fared with his broken head," said Tom. "I struck him a good blow; but I hope I didn't finish him, for he got me out of Col. Fuller's hands once and showed himself a friend in need. It was my only chance to get the paper which set you free, Frank, and the plan entered my head unbidden. Jacob, I opine, has a hard skull, for when I hit him it sounded like striking a board, and he dropped like a beef. Yes, I shall apologize to Master Smock if we ever meet again."

Col. Fuller was on the alert as well as others.

He intended to carry out his plan of revenge as outlined to Priscilla, and soon after quitting Thomas Seagrave's house he went to work.

It was eight by the striking of the nearest clock when the boys, secure in an upper room, heard a commotion below.

"The enemy!" cried Tom, as he fell back from the projecting window.

"What! have they scented us?"

"They think they've found the game. They are in the house, at any rate."

The door which opened into the room was a stout

affair of heavy oak, and would make a stubborn resistance, but the boys knew that it would not stand out very long against a force on the other side.

The house where they had taken refuge was a small one, occupied by a man who knew Tom, having at one time been a shoemaker on Long Island.

He was a fellow of much courage, and when the boys came to him for asylum he promised that they should be defended to the last.

The young fugitives had been provided with weapons calculated, in good hands, to resist a goodly number of enemies, and when they heard the noises below they felt that the time for a life fight had come.

"What is it you want here?" demanded the tenant, as he faced the six redcoats below.

"Come, you know without our asking," was the answer. "But if you must know, we want to search the house."

"For what?"

"For rebel spies."

"Merciful heavens! Do you think I would harbor such people under my roof?"

"You're liable to harbor anybody," snapped the sergeant, who led the party. "Why, bless you, man, you'd harbor Washington himself."

"But spies? Spies, did you say?"

"Yes. One has escaped from prison, and the other

is his helper in the escape. We want them both. Stand out of the way, and let us in."

Seeing that he would not be able to keep the soldiers out of the house, the man drew back and let them inside.

They halted for a moment in the corridor and then ransacked the lower rooms.

First of all, they bound the tenant, so he could not inform any occupants of the house of the coming of the enemy, and then threw him into the cellar.

"They're on the stair," said Tom.

"Yes; they'll be at the door in a moment."

"What shall it be, Capt. Frank? Fight or surrender?"

"Fight!"

"That suits me precisely."

The boys planted themselves a few feet from the door and waited for the tramp to come closer.

The soldiers were really on the stair, and their loud voices enabled them to mark their course.

They could tell exactly where they were at any time, and at last they held their breaths for the knocking on the door.

In two breaths it came.

With cocked muskets in their hands the boys stood in the candlelight and waited.

"Open up here!" cried a loud voice on the outside.

Silence.

"Open, in the king's name!"

Not a reply came from the closed chamber.

"They're in there, boys. We've treed the game."

Then came another spurt of silence, and Tom and Frank looked at one another while they stood like statues on the carpet.

"If you'll come out and surrender quietly we'll not break in the door."

"Let them break it down," whispered Tom. "That will be just the thing we want."

"Stand back a little, men!" they heard. "Now, three of you. Ready! Charge!"

There was a shout and a rush, and the door, broken from its hinges, tottered into the room.

Frank and Tom had fallen back so as to avoid being struck by the door and waited for the foe.

"Now into the room! We've caught the foxes!"

"Fire!"

At this command from Capt. Frank's lips the two muskets blazed forth into the very faces of the redcoats.

There were cries beyond the pall of white smoke, and a hasty retreat.

"Stand firm!" cried the sergeant, in the midst of it all. "Don't let the rascals run over you."

But the young patriots had reached the threshold, and their pistols were opened upon the forms visible from there.

The redcoats fell back against the wall, uttering cries of rage, and the boys, taking advantage of their retreat, plunged headlong down the steps.

It was fortunate that neither fell over the soldier lying doubled up halfway down the flight; they missed him by a hair and dashed from the house.

It was now a run for life and a little show of rebel strategy.

"This way!" cried Tom, clutching Capt. Frank's sleeve. "Down this alley! It is dark, but we won't stumble if we keep in the middle. Those fellows back there won't recover for a spell, what there's left of them."

After a brief run the boys came out on the wharf, where a lot of shipping was huddled together, and there the pursuit ceased.

It was now a good time for second breath and a little rest, and they took both.

"Here's a boat!" exclaimed the young Long Islander. "We can make off in it and sneak along the rim of the river."

The chance offered by fortune was not rejected.

The empty boat proved a godsend to the boy fugitives, and both being accustomed to rowing, they sent the light craft upstream, slipping in and out among the shipping like a night bird.

"Halloo there!" called out a voice from one of the vessels. "What's the news ashore?"

Tom put his hands to his mouth in the shape of a funnel and responded:

"All's well and Washington's surrendered!"

"What's that?"

The boy repeated his words.

"You don't say? Then we'll all go home in a jiffy. The rebellion's over, Danny!" called the sailor to some unseen companion. "Huzza for King George!"

Tom bent his head and chuckled.

"Wait till they hear the truth," he said, trying to keep back a laugh. "There'll be a little wailing on one of his majesty's ships."

The boys were near Fort Washington when they landed.

The night had settled down dark and stormy, and the wind came up the river in cold, fitful gusts.

"Look out now, or we'll run into some picket," said Frank. "I don't care to repeat the experience I had when I slipped away from Jacob Smock the night we witnessed the duel in the little old house."

"I should say not. Well, Col. Darby will never catch us, for you know we found him on the field after the battle. He put off his fight with Gen. Knyphausen a little too long."

"But had he lived he surely would have avenged the death of Capt. Percy."

The boat had been set adrift, and the young partisans started inland with every sense on the alert.

Suddenly from out the darkness came the sound they had been listening for.

"Halt!"

The boys stood stock-still.

"Who goes there?"

"That's a Yankee," whispered Frank. "It's safe to answer that challenge."

He stepped forward and spoke to the sentry that loomed up between them and a rift in the clouds.

"Friends to Washington!"

"Advance and give the countersign."

"We haven't got it. We've escaped from the British in New York."

"Come in, then, without it."

Half a minute later the chase had ended.

Down in the city the British were still "beating the bush" for the fugitives.

Col. Fuller, who had got scent of the game, was pacing the floor of his office with the restlessness of a caged hyena.

Every sound from without startled him.

At last the door was flung wide and Jacob Smock leaped into the room.

"Well, sir?" demanded the ex-commander of the Loyal Foot.

"They've got clean away, sir."

"How so?"

"They were tracked down by a squad of the 44th, and the door was forced, but the young rascals beat off the men and got away. Then afterward some one stole a boat at the wharf and told a sailor that Washington had surrendered. There can be no mistake. They were the young rebels."

Col. Fuller stamped the floor in his rage.

"I'll get even. Take a detachment of men and arrest Mistress Beverley, who is at the house of Thomas Seagrave."

"But, sir, remember that that house is under exemption by order of Gen. Howe."

"The thunder it is! Why——"

"Col. Fuller, if you want to search that house and arrest the young lady, you will have to delegate some one else to do it. And besides, I understand you are out of the service and have no right to issue orders of any kind."

"Oh, get out of here!"

The maddened man fell back and picked up a sword from the table.

"You don't raise that blade against Jacob Smock," roared the Tory spy, and before Col. Fuller could carry out his threat he was lying on the floor and Jacob was going downstairs.

"They fool with a whirlwind when they fool with me," he said to himself.

That was all.

Three days later Mistress Priscilla and her friend Lucy were thrilled to read a smuggled letter, which gave a graphic account of the escape up the river, and together the girls rejoiced over its contents.

The American camp was reached shortly after the encounter with the pickets, and Frank had the pleasure of reporting to Washington, and at the same time presenting his companion, Tom, who was cordially received by the commander-in-chief.

"With such heroes," said Washington, "we shall surely succeed in our struggle for freedom. I have again complimented Capt. Pierce for his successful raid on the British medical stores, and I will see to the promotions myself."

"I won't let you forget them, general," put in Gen. Greene, who had just come in. "If we had a regiment of soldiers as valuable as these youngsters, there would have been a different result in the last battle."

For some days Howe lay inactive in front of Washington's lines at White Plains; then one morning he awoke to the fact that the great hero of the Revolution had stolen a march on him, and that the whole American army had again slipped out of his clutches.

His chagrin was indescribable, but there was no help for it, and he had to admit that he had been fairly beaten.

The clouds were breaking over the head of the immortal Washington.

The silver lining was in sight, and the time was not far distant when victory would perch upon the new banner of the coming republic.

Col. Fuller never resumed his services, but retired to England long before the war closed, and spent his days there.

Jacob Smock, the spy, afterward fell into the hands of Putnam, who had long been looking for him, and was hanged, while Capt. Underwood lived to surrender at Yorktown, where he encountered Frank and Tom, who joked him about the changed order, at which he laughed, saying it was too clever a trick to get mad at.

Capt. Pierce and the Boys of Liberty did noble duty on other fields, and Washington never forgot the services of this gallant little band of heroes.

Mistress Priscilla carried out her intention of visiting her friend near Trenton, but that may be another story, and those who watched the rivalry between the two young captains, Frank and Benjamin, wondered just how it would terminate.

The battle of White Plains, while in some respects an American defeat, saw the enemy so badly punished that he did not follow up his advantage, but settled down after Howe's dilatory tactics, and saw Wash-

ington slip out of his clutches, thus, in the end, winning a victory greater than he could have won in the field.

Here we take leave of our characters, having followed them through peril and success, and hoping the reader has enjoyed the account of their deeds during the great war for independence, we lay aside the pen.

THE END.

THE CREAM OF JUVENILE FICTION

THE BOYS' OWN LIBRARY

A Selection of the Best Books for Boys by the Most Popular Authors

THE titles in this splendid juvenile series have been selected with care, and as a result all the stories can be relied upon for their excellence. They are bright and sparkling; not over-burdened with lengthy descriptions, but brimful of adventure from the first page to the last—in fact they are just the kind of yarns that appeal strongly to the healthy boy who is fond of thrilling exploits and deeds of heroism. Among the authors whose names are included in the Boys' Own Library are Horatio Alger, Jr., Edward S. Ellis, James Otis, Capt. Ralph Bonehill, Burt L. Standish, Gilbert Patten and Frank H. Converse.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE BOYS' OWN LIBRARY

All the books in this series are copyrighted, printed on good paper, large type, illustrated, printed wrappers, handsome cloth covers stamped in inks and gold—fifteen special cover designs.

150 Titles—Price, per Volume, 75 cents

For sale by all booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publisher,

DAVID McKAY,

610 SO. WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

One of the best known and most popular writers. Good, clean, healthy stories for the American Boy.

Adventures of a Telegraph Boy	Mark Stanton
Dean Dunham	Ned Newton
Erie Train Boy, The	New York Boy
Five Hundred Dollar Check	Tom Brace
From Canal Boy to President	Tom Tracy
From Farm Boy to Senator	Walter Griffith
Backwoods Boy, The	Young Acrobat

C. B. ASHLEY.

One of the best stories ever written on hunting, trapping and adventure in the West, after the Custer Massacre.

Gilbert, the Boy Trapper

ANNIE ASHMORE.

A splendid story, recording the adventures of a boy with smugglers.

Smuggler's Cave, The

CAPT. RALPH BONEHILL.

Capt. Bonehill is in the very front rank as an author of boys' stories. These are two of his best works.

Neka, the Boy Conjurer — Tour of the Zero Club

WALTER F. BRUNS.

An excellent story of adventure in the celebrated Sunk Lands of Missouri and Kansas.

In the Sunk Lands

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

This writer has established a splendid reputation as a boys' author, and although his books usually command $1.25 per volume, we offer the following at a more popular price.

Gold of Flat Top Mountain	In Southern Seas
Happy-Go-Lucky Jack	Mystery of a Diamond
Heir to a Million	That Treasure
In Search of An Unknown Race	Voyage to the Gold Coast

DAVID McKAY, Publisher, Philadelphia.

HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

One of England's most successful writers of stories for boys. His best story is

Pirate Island

GEORGE H. COOMER.

Two books we highly recommend. One is a splendid story of adventure at sea, when American ships were in every port in the world, and the other tells of adventures while the first railway in the Andes Mountains was being built.

Boys in the Forecastle **Old Man of the Mountain**

WILLIAM DALTON.

Three stories by one of the very greatest writers for boys. The stories deal with boys' adventures in India, China and Abyssinia. These books are strongly recommended for boys' reading, as they contain a large amount of historical information.

Tiger Prince **War Tiger**

White Elephant

EDWARD S. ELLIS.

These books are considered the best works this well-known writer ever produced. No better reading for bright young Americans.

Arthur Helmuth **Perils of the Jungle**

Check No. 2134 **On the Trail of Geronimo**

From Tent to White House **White Mustang**

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

For the past fifty years Mr. Fenn has been writing books for boys and popular fiction. His books are justly popular throughout the English-speaking world. We publish the following select list of his boys' books, which we consider the best he ever wrote.

Commodore Junk **Golden Magnet**

Dingo Boys **Grand Chaco**

Weathercock

ENSIGN CLARKE FITCH, U. S. N.

A graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and thoroughly familiar with all naval matters. Mr. Fitch has devoted himself to literature, and has written a series of books for boys that every

young American should read. His stories are full of very interesting information about the navy, training ships, etc.

Bound for Annapolis	Cruise of the Training Ship
Clif, the Naval Cadet	From Port to Port

Strange Cruise, A

WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

An author of world-wide popularity. Mr. Graydon is essentially a friend of young people, and we offer herewith ten of his best works, wherein he relates a great diversity of interesting adventures in various parts of the world, combined with accurate historical data.

Butcher of Cawnpore, The	In Barracks and Wigwam
Camp in the Snow, The	In Fort and Prison
Campaigning with Braddock	Jungles and Traitors
Cryptogram, The	Rajah's Fortress, The
From Lake to Wilderness	White King of Africa, The

LIEUT. FREDERICK GARRISON, U. S. A.

Every American boy takes a keen interest in the affairs of West Point. No more capable writer on this popular subject could be found than Lieut. Garrison, who vividly describes the life, adventures and unique incidents that have occurred in that great institution—in these famous West Point stories.

Off for West Point	On Guard
Cadet's Honor, A	West Point Treasure, The

West Point Rivals, The

HEADON HILL.

The hunt for gold has always been a popular subject for consideration, and Mr. Hill has added a splendid story on the subject in this romance of the Klondyke.

Spectre Gold

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

Mr. Lewis is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and has written a great many books for boys. Among his best works are the following titles—the subjects include a vast series of adventures in all parts of the world. The historical data is correct, and they should be read by all boys, for the excellent information they contain.

Centreboard Jim	Ensign Merrill
King of the Island	Sword and Pen
Midshipman Merrill	Valley of Mystery, The

Yankee Boys in Japan

DAVID McKAY, Publisher, Philadelphia.

LIEUT. LIONEL LOUNSBERRY.

A series of books embracing many adventures under our famous naval commanders, and with our army during the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Founded on sound history, these books are written for boys, with the idea of combining pleasure with profit; to cutivate a fondness for study—especially of what has been accomplished by our army and navy.

Cadet Kit Carey
Captain Carey
Kit Carey's Protegé
Lieut. Carey's Luck
Out With Commodore Decatur
Randy, the Pilot
Tom Truxton's School Days
Tom Truxton's Ocean Trip
Treasure of the Golden Crater
Won at West Point

BROOKS McCORMICK.

Four splendid books of adventure on sea and land, by this well-known writer for boys.

Giant Islanders, The
How He Won
Nature's Young Nobleman
Rival Battalions

WALTER MORRIS.

This charming story contains thirty-two chapters of just the sort of school life that charms the boy readers.

Bob Porter at Lakeview Academy

STANLEY NORRIS.

Mr. Norris is without a rival as a writer of "Circus Stories" for boys. These four books are full of thrilling adventures, but good, wholsome reading for young Americans.

Phil, the Showman
Young Showman's Rivals, The
Young Showman's Pluck, The
Young Showman's Triumph

LIEUT. JAMES K. ORTON.

When a boy has read one of Lieut. Orton's books, it requires no urging to induce him to read the others. Not a dull page in any of them.

Beach Boy Joe
Last Chance Mine
Secret Chart, The
Tom Havens with the White Squadron

JAMES OTIS.

Mr. Otis is known by nearly every American boy, and needs no introduction here. The following copyrights are among his best:

Chased Through Norway
Inland Waterways
Unprovoked Mutiny
Wheeling for Fortune
Reuben Green's Adventures at Yale

GILBERT PATTEN.

Mr. Patten has had the distinction of having his books adopted by the U. S. Government for all naval libraries on board our war ships. While aiming to avoid the extravagant and sensational, the stories contain enough thrilling incidents to please the lad who loves action and adventure. In the Rockspur stories the description of their Base-ball and Football Games and other contests with rival clubs and teams make very exciting and absorbing reading; and few boys with warm blood in their veins, having once begun the perusal of one of these books, will willingly lay it down till it is finished.

Boy Boomers
Boy Cattle King
Boy from the West
Don Kirke's Mine
Jud and Joe
Rockspur Nine, The
Rockspur Eleven, The
Rockspur Rivals, The

ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Mr. Rathborne's stories for boys have the peculiar charm of dealing with localities and conditions with which he is thoroughly familiar. The scenes of these excellent stories are along the Florida coast and on the western prairies.

Canoe and Camp Fire
Paddling Under Palmettos
Rival Canoe Boys
Sunset Ranch
Chums of the Prairie
Young Range Riders
Gulf Cruisers
Shifting Winds

ARTHUR SEWELL.

An American story by an American author. It relates how a Yankee boy overcame many obstacles in school and out. Thoroughly interesting from start to finish.

Gay Dashleigh's Academy Days

DAVID McKAY, Publisher, Philadelphia.

CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

An exceptionally good story of frontier life among the Indians in the far West, during the early settlement period.

Jack Wheeler

The Famous Frank Merriwell Stories.

BURT L. STANDISH.

No modern series of tales for boys and youths has met with anything like the cordial reception and popularity accorded to the Frank Merriwell Stories. There must be a reason for this and there is. Frank Merriwell, as portrayed by the author, is a jolly whole-souled, honest, courageous American lad, who appeals to the hearts of the boys. He has no bad habits, and his manliness inculcates the idea that it is not necessary for a boy to indulge in petty vices to be a hero. Frank Merriwell's example is a shining light for every ambitious lad to follow. Seventeen volumes now ready:

Frank Merriwell's School Days
Frank Merriwell's Chums
Frank Merriwell's Foes
Frank Merriwell's Trip West
Frank Merriwell Down South
Frank Merriwell's Bravery
Frank Merriwell's Races
Frank Merriwell's Hunting Tour
Frank Merriwell's Sports Afield
Frank Merriwell at Yale
Frank Merriwell's Courage
Frank Merriwell's Daring
Frank Merriwell's Skill
Frank Merriwell's Champions
Frank Merriwell's Return to Yale
Frank Merriwell's Secret
Frank Merriwell's Loyalty

VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

These books are full of good, clean adventure, thrilling enough to please the full-blooded wide-awake boy, yet containing nothing to which there can be any objection from those who are careful as to the kind of books they put into the hands of the young.

Cast Away in the Jungle
Comrades Under Castro
For Home and Honor
From Switch to Lever
Little Snap, the Post Boy
Zig-Zag, the Boy Conjurer
Zip, the Acrobat

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Good, healthy, strong books for the American lad. No more interesting books for the young appear on our lists.

Adventures of a Young Athlete
Eric Dane
Guy Hammersley
My Mysterious Fortune
Tour of a Private Car
Young Editor, The

DAVID McKAY, Publisher, Philadelphia.

ARTHUR M. WINFIELD.

One of the most popular authors of boys' books. Here are three of his best.

Mark Dale's Stage Venture **Young Bank Clerk, The**
Young Bridge Tender, The

GAYLE WINTERTON.

This very interesting story relates the trials and triumphs of a Young American Actor, including the solution of a very puzzling mystery.

Young Actor, The

ERNEST A. YOUNG.

This book is not a treatise on sports, as the title would indicate, but relates a series of thrilling adventures among boy campers in the woods of Maine.

Boats, Bats and Bicycles

DAVID McKAY, Publisher, Philadelphia.